

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 260.—VOL. X.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

[WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



LADY CELEBRITIES OF THE HUNTING FIELD. No. 1.—H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.
Every Evening at 7.30, the New Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled **JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**, or, **HARLEQUIN** and the Seven Champions as We've Rehearsed 'em. Written expressly for this Theatre by Mr. Frank W. Green. New and magnificent Scenery by Julian Hicks, Son, and assistants. The whole invented and produced by Charles Harris. Principal Artists: Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Clara Jecks, Miss Katie Barry, and Miss Lizzie Coote, Mr. G. H. Macdormott, Mr. E. J. George, Mr. G. Vokes, Master C. Lauri, Mr. Tully Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Campbell; Mdlle. Limido, premiere danseuse (from La Scala, Milan), supported by Mdlle. Sidonie; Clown, Mr. Harry Payne.

MORNING PERFORMANCE Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday until further notice, commencing each day at 2 o'clock. Children under twelve admitted to Morning Performances at Half-price to all parts of the house on payment at the doors only. The only authorised Box-office under the portico open daily from 10.0 till 5.0, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. Prices of admission:—Private Boxes from £4 4s. to 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (Reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Pit, 2s. (for the first time at this theatre); and Gallery, 1s.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Every evening at 7.30, will be performed the Drury Lane Grand Comic Christmas Annual, by E. L. Blanchard, entitled **CINDERELLA**, or, **HARLEQUIN** AND THE FAIRY SLIPPER. The new and characteristic scenery by William Beverley. Characters in the opening by the celebrated Vokes Family, &c.; premiere danseuse, Mdlle. Marie Gosselin. New song, "Cinderella," composed by Julia Wolfe. Double Harlequinade Fred Evans and Charles Lauri, Clowns Madame Helena's Performing Dogs. Edwin Hall's Combination Bicycle Troupe, Performing Pigeons and Monkeys. Preceded at 7 by an original Farce, by H. Saville Clarke, **A TALE OF A TELEPHONE**. Mr. Edward Stirling, Stage Manager; Mr. James Guiver, Treasurer. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box office open from ten till five daily. Prices 6d. to £5 5s.
"CINDERELLA" **MORNING PERFORMANCES** every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, to which Children and Schools Half-price to all parts, Upper Gallery excepted. Doors open at 1.30, commence at 2. Box-office open 10 to 5 daily.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET, EVERY EVENING, 7.30.

MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole Lessee and Manager.
This, and Every Evening, at half past seven, will be presented Shakspeare's Tragedy of **HAMLET**. Hamlet, Mr. Irving; Claudius, Mr. Forrester; Polonius, Mr. Chippendale; Laertes, Mr. F. Cooper; Horatio, Mr. Swinbourne; Rosencrantz, Mr. Elwood; Guildenstern, Mr. Pinero; Osric, Mr. Kyrie Bellew; Marcellus, Mr. Gibson; Bernardo, Mr. Tappin; Francisco, Mr. Robinson; Reynaldo, Mr. Cartwright; Priest, Mr. Collett; Messenger, Mr. Harwood. First Player, Mr. Beaumont; Second Player, Mr. Everard. First Grave-digger, Mr. S. Johnson; Second Grave-digger, Mr. A. Andrews; Ghost of Hamlet's Father, Mr. Mead. Gertrude, Miss Pauncefort; Player Queen, Miss Sedley; and Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. The curtain will rise punctually on **HAMLET** at half past seven. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Box Office of the Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Hurst, open from 10 till 5, where seats may be taken one month in advance. Prices from three guineas to one shilling. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker.

LYCEUM.—HAMLET.—EVERY EVENING, 7.30.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
THE CRISIS, a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's **LES FOURCHAMBAULT**, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Fastlake, M. Abington, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled **THE HENWITCHERS**.

SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCES.
On SATURDAY, January 25, **THE LOVE CHASE**, Mr. Bernard Beere as Constance (first time in London), Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mrs. Chippendale, Mr. W. Herbert, Miss Blanche Henri, and powerful cast. SATURDAY, February 1st, **THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL**. Box plan open daily from 11 to 5. Doors open at 2; commence at 2.30.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THE TWO ORPHANS. Every Evening at 7.30. Morning Performance of **THE LOVE CHASE**, SATURDAY AFTERNOON Next, at 2.30 (doors open at 2 o'clock. Box plan open. No fees for booking.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Sole Manager and Proprietor, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
Last five Nights of **THE WEDDING MARCH**. More screamingly funny than any Pantomime. Continued success of **RETIRING**; Miss Lydia Thompson and the entire company in both pieces. At 7.15, **A HUSBAND IN COITON WOOL**. At 7.45, the comedy drama **RETIRING**. At 9.30, Gilbert's celebrated comedy, **THE WEDDING MARCH** (last 12 nights). Miss Lydia Thompson, Messrs. Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, J. G. Grabame, C. Steyne, and the entire strength of the Company. Saturday, 25th January, a new Burlesque entitled "Carmen," or, **Sold for a Song**. Supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Lionel Brough, W. J. Hill, and full company. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF **THE LITTLE QUIRITI**. Last nights of Madame Angot, in which Opera the Great Little Comedian, Natali Vitulli has made such an extraordinary success, supported by the entire Juvenile Troupe. To be followed by a **BALLET DIVERTISSEMENT**. Morning Performances every Wednesday, and Saturday in January.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Saturday, 1st February, re-opening of the comedy season. Production of an entirely new comedy, by Bronsin Howard, entitled **TRUTH**, supported by Mr. Charles Wyndham and the entire company augmented. Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1,289th

Night of **OUR BOYS**. Every Evening, at 7.30, **A HIGHLAND FLING**; at 8, the most successful comedy, **OUR BOYS**, written by H. J. Byron (1,289th and following nights). Concluding with **A FEARFUL FOG**. Supported by Messrs. Thorne, Flockton, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.
Double Company and Pantomime and Burlesque for the Christmas Holidays.—EVERY NIGHT at 6.45 (open at 6.30), New Pantomime, **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**. Followed at 9.30 by the immensely successful Burlesque, **YOUNG FRA DIAVOLO**. See daily papers. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Close 11.—DAY PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, 2 to 5. Children Half price, except to Gallery.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.

Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.
Every Evening, punctually at 7.45, the celebrated comedy of **A SCRAP OF PAPER**. Principal characters by Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Cowle; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Younge, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, the one-act play of **A QUIET RUBBER**. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No fees for booking seats. Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.
MORNING PERFORMANCE of **A SCRAP OF PAPER**, to-day, SATURDAY, Jan. 18, at half-past 2. Doors open at 2 o'clock.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.
Genuine success of Charles Reade's **IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND**. Every Evening at 7.45. Preceded by **FAMILY JARS**, at 7.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.
The Grand Pantomime, **ROBIN HOOD**; or, **HARLEQUIN** THE MERRIE MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST. Every evening at 7. Superb Spectacle, the Conquest of Cyprus by Richard 1st. **MORNING PERFORMANCES**, every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1. Children under 10 Half-price. No fees for booking.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Webster. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, at 7.45, **PROOF** (last 12 nights). Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. Arthur Stirling, C. Harcourt, L. Lablache, H. Cooper, J. Johnstone. Mesdames Bandmann, A. Stirling, Billington, D. Drummond, R. Bentley, Kate Barry, and Bella Pateman. Preceded by **TURN HIM OUT**. Mr. J. P. Bernard. Conclude with **SHRIMPS FOR TWO**.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Every evening, until further notice, at 7, ON AND OFF. Followed by **HIS LAST LEGS**. W. H. Vernon. After which **THE BABY**. Messrs. Loredan, Marius, H. Cox, E. Marshall, H. Carter, F. Wyatt, H. Turner, &c.; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Violet Cameron, Maud Howard.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, **HOKEE POKEE**, by G. Conquest and H. Spry. Splendid scenery by Mr. Soames and assistants. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clown; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Ozmond, Harlequin; Miss Ozmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. Morning Performances Mondays and Wednesdays, at 1.30.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, **THE MAGIC MULE**; OR, **THE ASS'S SKIN** AND **THE PRINCESS TO WIN**. Mrs. S. Lane, Mdlles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Ricketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with **A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF**. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyds, Drayton, Towers; Mdlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—

LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, V. Granville, C. Vesey, Bertie and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, J. Dallas, C. Power, Mat Robson, F. Hall, and E. Righton. The Girards and M. Bruet and Mdlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets, arranged by M. Bertrand, ballets by M. G. Jacobi. Prices from 6d. to £2 12s 6d. Commence at 7.30.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF

VARIETIES.
TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits." The *Observer* says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted." **VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT** during the Evening: Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WEEK ENDING

JANUARY 25th, 1879.
Monday, January 20th, Great Pantomime, **ROBINSON CRUSOE**. to Mr. Liston's **MERRY MOMENTS**. Mr. Evanion's Conjuror Entertainments. Hanlon Saturday, January 25th. Voltas.
Monday, January 20, in addition to Christmas Entertainments, Evening Lecture by Mr. J. B. Gough, the great Temperance Orator on "Peculiar People."
Monday to Friday, admission to Palace, One Shilling Daily. Saturday Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

GREAT AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

WESTMINSTER.
The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of its entertainments, surpasses all rival establishments. Open at 11. Admission One Shilling.

11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas, C. Naud's Gallery of Drawing, The Aquarium (finest in the world); The Articulating Telephone and Microphone; Toby, the Performing Pig; Barnard's Puppets.

MANATEE, the Mermaid, now on view, admission 6d.
2.30. Theatre. **ALADDIN**, Pantomime, Great Success.
3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.
5.30. Zazel the marvellous.
7.30. Theatre. **ALADDIN**, Pantomime, Great Success.
7.45. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's second performance.

AQUARIUM PANTOMIME—Grand Success.—Powerful Company, superb Scenery, charming Music, pretty Faces, beautiful Dresses. The *Morning Post* says:—"It is decidedly the best ever given at the Aquarium." The *Observer* says:—"Aladdin every afternoon at 2.30; every night at 8. It presents a succession of sparkling scenes, in which radiant costumes, splendid scenery, and vivacious acting combine to delight the spectator. The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"The true, genuine, and unadulterated art of pantomime is shown in bright and clever colours. As to the Transformation Scene, the children's voices gave the best testimony to its worth." The *Daily News* says:—"Welcome with tokens of approval as spontaneous as the peals of laughter." The *Standard* says:—"The whole of the pantomime so admirably acted must be pronounced a decided success." The *Globe* says:—"The most brilliant tableaux and effects being obtained." The public say a capital pantomime, admirably acted with pretty faces, beautiful scenery; undoubtedly the successful pantomime of the year—Royal Aquarium. Every Evening at 7.45; Every Afternoon at 2.30. Book your seats to prevent disappointment.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—Now

on View, a fine PORPOISE. The only living specimen in captivity. Sea Lions, with young ones. Alligators and Crocodiles in their new cavern. Living Birds, and by far the largest collection of fishes in the world. New Terrace Garden and Promenade, the most elegant in the Kingdom.—G. KEEVES SMITH, General Manager

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHI-

THEATRE.—Look at the extraordinary Programme.—The complete and most successful Pantomime, **CINDERELLA**. The Great Spectacle, **RICHARD III.**, realising the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Death of White Surrey. The noble steed is slain beneath his Royal Master, and the King on foot will fight—The Battle rages—The King is slain, and Richmond Crowned upon the Battle-field. Grand tableau. Neither in England, the Continent, or America can the same high perfection of horse-training and brilliancy of spectacle be found. Change of programme in the Equestrian Department. In addition to numerous other artists, Miss Sanger, the subduer and trainer of unmanageable horses, the finest equestrienne in the profession, will make her appearance with the celebrated horse Highland Chieftain, trained and introduced by this renowned lady. Look at the programme, commencing punctually at two, terminating at 5.25; evening at seven, terminating at 10.40. No intervals. Little Sandy, the Great Clown, will make those laugh who never laughed before.—Box-office open ten till four. Places may also be secured at the principal libraries. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Children under ten half-price to all parts excepting amphitheatre, pit, and gallery.

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200 Horses. 50 Ponies. Troupe of Elephants, Den of Performing Lions, Camels, and Dromedaries. **TWICE DAILY**, 2.30 and 7.30.

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and HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—500 artists. Derby and St. Leger races by lady riders. Steeplechases and hurdle races. Cooper's trained elephants and lions. All star artists. 12 clowns. Hall decorated by Legg of Birmingham. Harness fittings by Marshall and Hatch. No draughts. Hall thoroughly warmed. Special arrangements for schools. Children under 10 half-price. Open twice daily. Every morning at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30. Tickets of all London agents, and at Box-office, Agricultural Hall. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll-

street, Oxford-circus.—CHARLES HENGLER's unrivalled ENTERTAINMENT—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS for the HOLIDAYS. The renowned Riders, Gymnasts, and Drollists of Clowns. Every day and evening at 2.30 and 7.30, a Brilliant Programme, including the Martial and Picturesque Spectacle, entitled **BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE**; or the Congress of Scotland's Warriors. Box Office open daily from 10 to 4. Proprietor, Mr. Charles Hengler.

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Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

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MADAME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS'S

GRAND ORCHESTRAL and VOCAL CONCERTS, St. James's Hall. Programme of the Third Concert, TUESDAY EVENING next, January 21st, at Eight o'clock. Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner. Minuet, Bourgault Ducoudray (First Time). Concerto,—Pianoforte, in G Minor, Mendelssohn. Madame Jenny Viard-Louis. Barcarolle, "Nymphes attentives," (Polyeucte), Gounod (First Time in England), Mr. Edward Lloyd. Symphony, in F Major, Hermann Goetz. Allegro Moderato,—Intermezzo, Allegretto,—Adagio ma non troppo lento.—Finale, Allegro con fuoco. (By general desire.) Song, "Awake, my love (Night Dancers), Loder, Mr. Edward Lloyd. Solo Pianoforte, "Rondo Placevole," Sterndale Bennett, Madame Jenny Viard-Louis. Ballet Music, "Polyeucte" (first time in England), Gounod. No. 1, Fête Païenne; 2, Invocation; 3, Apparition du Dieu Pan; 4, Fanfare et Marche des Romains; 5, Apparition de Venus and Valse des Néréides; 6, Danse de Venus; 7, Apparition de Bacchus; 8, Danse de Bacchus. The Orchestra will consist of ninety performers. Conductor, Mr. Weist Hill. Messrs. Brard's Pianoforte will be used on this occasion. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at usual agents and Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S

FOURTEENTH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE

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On TUESDAY WEEK, JANUARY the 28th,

In the AFTERNOON at TWO,

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Attached to the principal West-end Theatres, some of whom will appear in a selection from Shakspeare's MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

There will also be a SPECIAL CONCERT given by the Choir and Orchestra of the World-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

Who will appear on this occasion in

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For list of Artists and other details, see daily papers of Tuesday next, Jan. 21st. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. 6d. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m.

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TAINMENT. A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, and A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Mr. Corney Grain; concluding with ENCHANTMENT, a musical fairy tale, by Arthur Law.

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WAR: Sher Ali, Ameer of Afghanistan; our Envoy, Nawab Gholan Hussein Khan; a Group of the principal Indian Tributary Princes; Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India. An interesting Portrait Model of the late Princess Alice; the Berlin Congress Group; Pius IX. Lying in State as at St. Peter's; Peace, the Blackheath Burglar, &c.—Admission 1s.; extra rooms, 6d. Open from Ten a.m. till Ten p.m.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays), from 9 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. The Gallery of Drawings of Animals, by Wolf, is now open.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour

of England, Scotland, and Ireland. THEATRE ROYAL, GREENOCK. MONDAY, January 20th, FOR SIX NIGHTS All the principal cities of the empire to follow. All dates filled to end of the Tour.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.

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Next week's issue of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain:—A portrait of Miss Jenny Lee—Sketches from the Pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Manchester—Our Captious Critic at the Criterion—"Another Good Man Gone Wrong," by J. Sturgess—Moose Hunting in Canada, from Sketches by a Correspondent—Mr. George Honey as Eccles, in *Caste*—Portrait of Herr Joachim, the celebrated Violinist—Famous Players of the Past, by A. H. Wall—The Lute Player—Studies of Birds.

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ITALIA.....	Saturday, March 8.....	Saturday, March 15.....
ANGLIA.....	Saturday, March 22.....	Saturday, March 29.....

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that they are now selling these well-known
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BLACK SATINS, all pure silk,
22 inches wide, from 5s. 3d. per yard.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
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C O C C O A T I N A ,

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with
the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious perfectly digestible
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thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with
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penny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.
Cocoatina a la Vanille.

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be
taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

In several districts it is said that the number of stoats and weasels is largely increasing, though, so far as Surrey and Sussex go, I do not believe this to be the case. There is in the Caterham Valley a place—now a small goods-station on the South-Eastern Railway—called Stoat's Nest, where formerly the little brutes swarmed; but nowadays they are rarely seen. I have shot often over this part of the country, and have very rarely caught sight of one, though dead rabbits found stiff and stark in the morning, with a red hole at the backs of their necks, prove that stoats or their immediate connections have been poaching. There is to most people something peculiarly repulsive about these creatures, a feeling which all their intelligence does not mitigate; and that they are wonderfully intelligent no one who has seen two or three of them engaged in a cunningly organised hunt after a rabbit can for a moment doubt. Instant execution is the best thing for stoats and weasels; but how to inflict it is another matter. Marvellously quick and keen as they may be, however, they are to be beguiled. Stand as much out of sight as possible near a bank where you have reason to believe stoats are lying. "Chirp" after the manner peculiar to the tribe—a keeper or a sharp boy about a farm will soon teach you how, if you have the least talent for imitation. Wait quietly, and the little beast will come out of his hole, and aid your design by sitting up to listen. There you have him, but you must be quiet; for his hideous little ears and cruel eyes are ever on the alert, and if he drops and glides away, hidden as he is sure to be by the grass, the odds against your hitting him are long.

A GREAT many owners of estates are quite unaware of the atrocious cruelty they inflict by permitting their keepers to put down traps for rabbits and hares, or by failing to take care that traps are not put down. Anyone who has seen and heard an old Jack hare, just caught in one of these abominable contrivances, must be hard-hearted indeed if he does not strenuously do all in his power to abolish traps. There is nothing I like better than bowling over a hare, and noticing how, with the impetus of his speed, he turns two or three somersaults before he lies motionless. He is good to eat and must take his chance; but give him a run for his life and do not let him suffer agonies for hour after hour through the long night, with the cruel teeth of a steel trap biting into his bones. It is not as if there was no other way of thinning off hares and rabbits. If you don't care about pottering after them yourself, and have no friends glad of such humble sport, your keeper has. A sight I saw last week completely sickened me, and I plead very earnestly on behalf of Jack and his humble cousins the rabbits.

I WONDER whether there is another T. W. Robertson walking about in a state of disappointment and despair with the MS. of a successful comedy in his pocket? That there are a great many young gentlemen who firmly believe that they have the precise article ready and waiting I am aware; but an acquaintance with some of their productions has induced me not exactly to doubt the author's judgment, but to feel a perfect conviction that it is radically wrong. There may be another *Caste* in the market, however, for until Robertson had made his success no one thought very much of his dramatic ability, albeit as soon as the verdict after the first night of *Society* had been spoken, there were a very great many people who had "always thought that there was something in Robertson if he only got the chance." I first saw him speaking rather, ordinary burlesque verse, in the character of Chim-pan-see, in the *Willow Pattern Plate*, where either he or somebody else had to give utterance to a couplet containing a dreadful pun that sank deeply into my memory:—

And you, my late amanuensis, be
A man who hence is nothing more to me.

It is no use crying over spilt milk, and no more use lamenting that Mr. Robertson's evenings were not better employed than in singing more or less idiotic songs and dancing corresponding jigs. Many envy his success who do not know his sad story. His life for many years was a desperate struggle with something often not far removed from absolute poverty. I am sure that Robertson many times experienced what it was to be hungry and to have no food. His success came, and was speedily followed by the doctor's declaration that his days were numbered.

MR. WHISTLER did himself no good by his ill-advised law-suit, for as it has already been pointed out to him, even if he expends the liberally assessed damages with every regard for economy, they—or perhaps the capital of one farthing hardly requires the plural number, and it is better to say it—will not go far towards paying his expenses. But the bravura in brown paper for which he has the cool assurance to ask a shilling will do him less than no good. Anything more pert, priggish, and pragmatical was never expressed in bad English. Mr. Whistler's writing is scarcely more worthy of respect than his Sonatas in Tartan Plaid. The taste which Mr. Whistler displays in speaking of "Ruskin" and "Colvin" without the prefix gentlemen are accustomed to use in writing of gentlemen is—very much what might have been expected from Mr. Whistler; and to write of Mr. Tom Taylor—who may not be a wit, but who is none the less entitled to respect—as Tough Old Tom is characteristic of the lower style of journalism popular in the country from which it appears Mr. Whistler springs. The honour of being chastised by a gentleman of Mr. Ruskin's eminence has evidently turned poor Mr. Whistler's head.

A COMMON type of persons are those who will never consent to be outdone on any subject. If you have seen a wonderful thing, they have seen something infinitely more remarkable; and if you have done something surprising, either they or some of their first-cousins have beaten you out of sight. One of these marvel-mongers was talking to a friend at a railway station the other day, when a very small man toddled down the platform. "Look at that little creature!" the friend said. "By Jove! that's the smallest man I ever saw in my life!" "Really?" his companion carelessly rejoined. "Really? yes, really and truly too." Do you mean to say that you have ever seen a smaller?" said the friend; and he soon had his answer. "My dear fellow, I know a man so small that if he has a pain he can't tell whether he has got a sore throat or a stomach ache." Argument with a man so thoroughly determined not to be outdone is a mere loss of time, and the friend judiciously subsided.

THE question of a man's right to trespass on his neighbour's land for the purpose—or on the plea—of picking up dead game is one that never has been settled and never will be. If a rocketeer has had the bad taste to die just the wrong side of a hedge, it seems cruelly hard that you should be obliged to leave him there to rot and be devoured by vermin. Few things are more tantalising than to put up a big covey of partridges, to mark them carefully down, to creep up cautiously, to see them rise once more just out of shot and drop on the wrong side of the hedge which bounds the property over which you are shooting. I have often lain literally on a thorny bed—a pleasantly varied assortment of blackthorn, may, brambles, &c., with an occasional stinging nettle or so—to watch such a misguided set, longing for something to happen that will send them whizzing back over my head, and seeing instead how they strut and flutter farther and farther away, feeding and enjoying themselves, until they were lost to sight over the ridge of a hillock, and I turned to tend my wounds. But if birds go they must be counted lost, and I firmly believe in scrupulously avoiding trespass. In the appeal against a decision of the West Malling magistrates, heard at the West Kent

Quarter Sessions, most gentlemen will think that their decision was perfectly right, and its reversal, as a natural consequence, perfectly wrong. Here, two days after the shooting party, a keeper was found trespassing, with dog and gun be it noted, in search, as he alleged, of game two days old. Of course I am not saying that this particular keeper was poaching; but as a very general rule, when a man with a dog and gun is found trespassing after any game that may have been lying on the ground for forty-eight hours—well, I should like to hear that he had interviewed the West Malling magistrates and that their decision was final.

THERE is a frankness about the subjoined advertisement that seems to show inexperience:—

SUB-EDITOR WANTED (Lady preferred),
for magazine of some months standing, to undertake the reading of manuscripts. All work to be done at home. Will be expected to share one-third of profits and expenses. One who will undertake it more for amusement than profit preferred.—Address, by letter only, &c., &c.
It is not my business to teach this apparently sanguine personage how to advertise, but if, instead of "some months standing" he had said "an established magazine," if he had omitted the "and expenses" after "profits," and if he had not run into extra expense by the addition of the penultimate sentence, his chance of finding what he wants would be brighter. The notion that any human being can find "amusement" in reading amateur contributions to a magazine is utterly unjustifiable. The advertiser only says what "will be expected." I hope that his expectations may be gratified, and that he may find a heaven-born editor whose share of the problematical profits may swell her banking account. Considerations of sex, however, are not the only thing that prevent my immediate application for the post.

IF that astute critic, Polonius, could have seen Mr. Hepworth Dixon's new book he would have had a very high opinion of much that is therein contained. It embraces all styles, the "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited." But there are some few things in it which, to quote a familiar confession of ignorance, "no fellow can understand," as, for example, the peculiarities of the country round about Windsor. "Live waters curl and murmur at the base" of Castle Hill we are told, while low-lying meadows curtesy to the royal hill." No wonder that the *Saturday Review* is struck with the modesty of these remarkable meadows, and quotes Sir Artagall, who rebuked the Socialists of his day by pointing out that

The hills do not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.

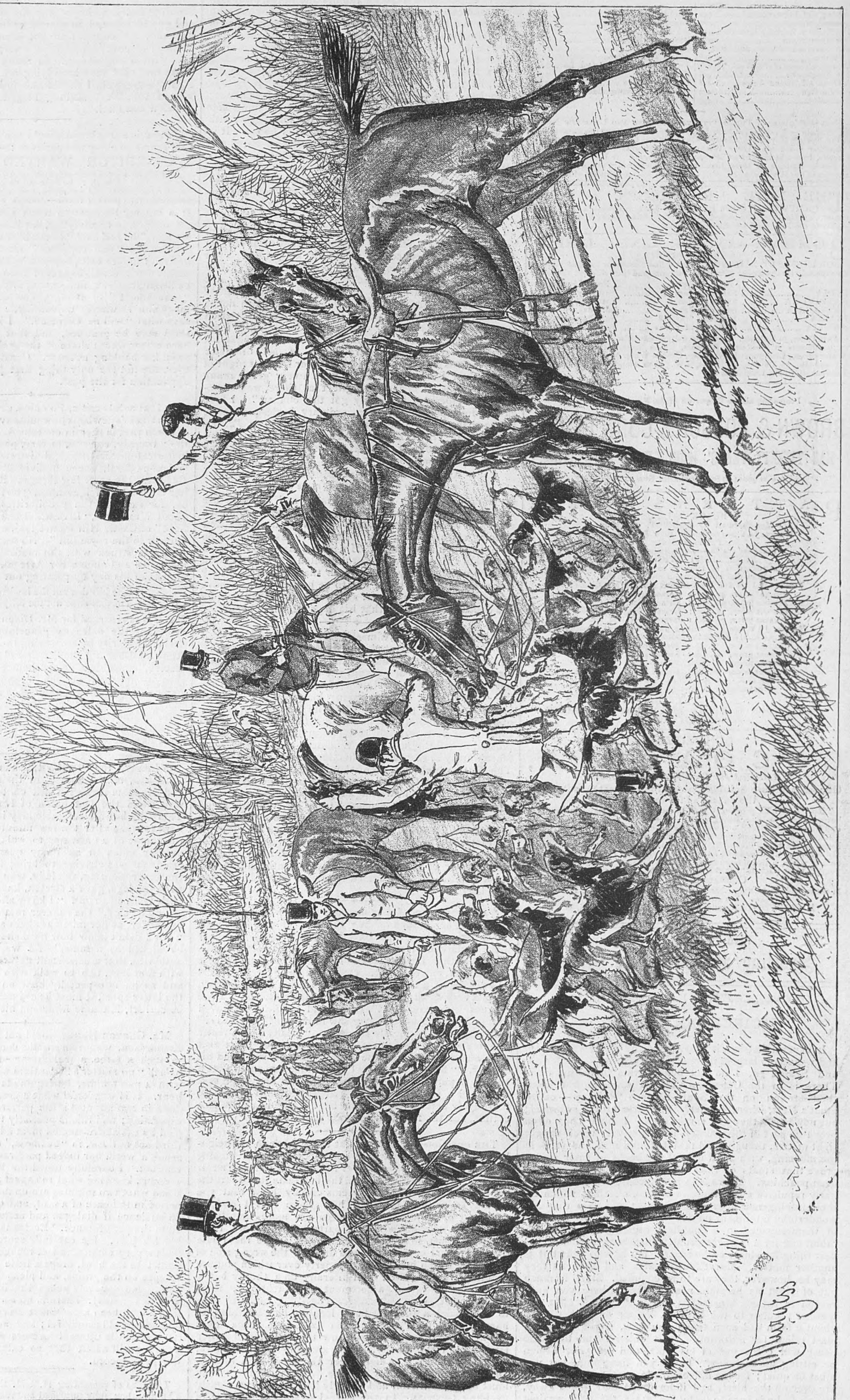
But it was reserved for Mr. Dixon, the journal admits, to represent the dales as gracefully acknowledging their social inferiority by curtsying to the hills. Good Queen Anne of Bohemia had a mind which was "limp and watery," and this is comprehensible. At the present day they would call her hydrocephalous. But the Black Prince's physical conformation is nothing short of staggering. "As an infant he was huge in size, his flesh like wire." Modern anatomists have come across nothing half so remarkable as this astonishing flesh. The Black Prince must have been a species of animated Woolwich infant.

O'LEARY, the "walkist," has beaten P. Napoleon Campana, alias "Sport," in their week's walking match, and Madame Anderson still continued to plod her weary way when the last batch of New York papers arrived. This silly but indefatigable lady is, it appears, somewhat hard to wake after the few minutes' rest she can take in the course of an attempt to walk something under 3,000 quarter miles in as many quarter hours. While her attendant was striving to bring her mistress up to time the other morning, the lady, who is as strong in the arms as in the legs, gave a stretch, knocking one of the attendant's teeth clean out. "I knew she could walk, and I knew she could sing," the sufferer remarked to a sympathising bystander, as her mistress again started off on the track, "but I didn't know how hard she could hit. I'd as soon be kicked by a mule." As we know, on distinguished authority, that a beneficent nature has provided the mule with four legs, two to walk with and two to kick with, and as he is especially bent on attaining proficiency in the latter sport, it must be granted that if the comparison be correct, Madame Anderson hits very hard.

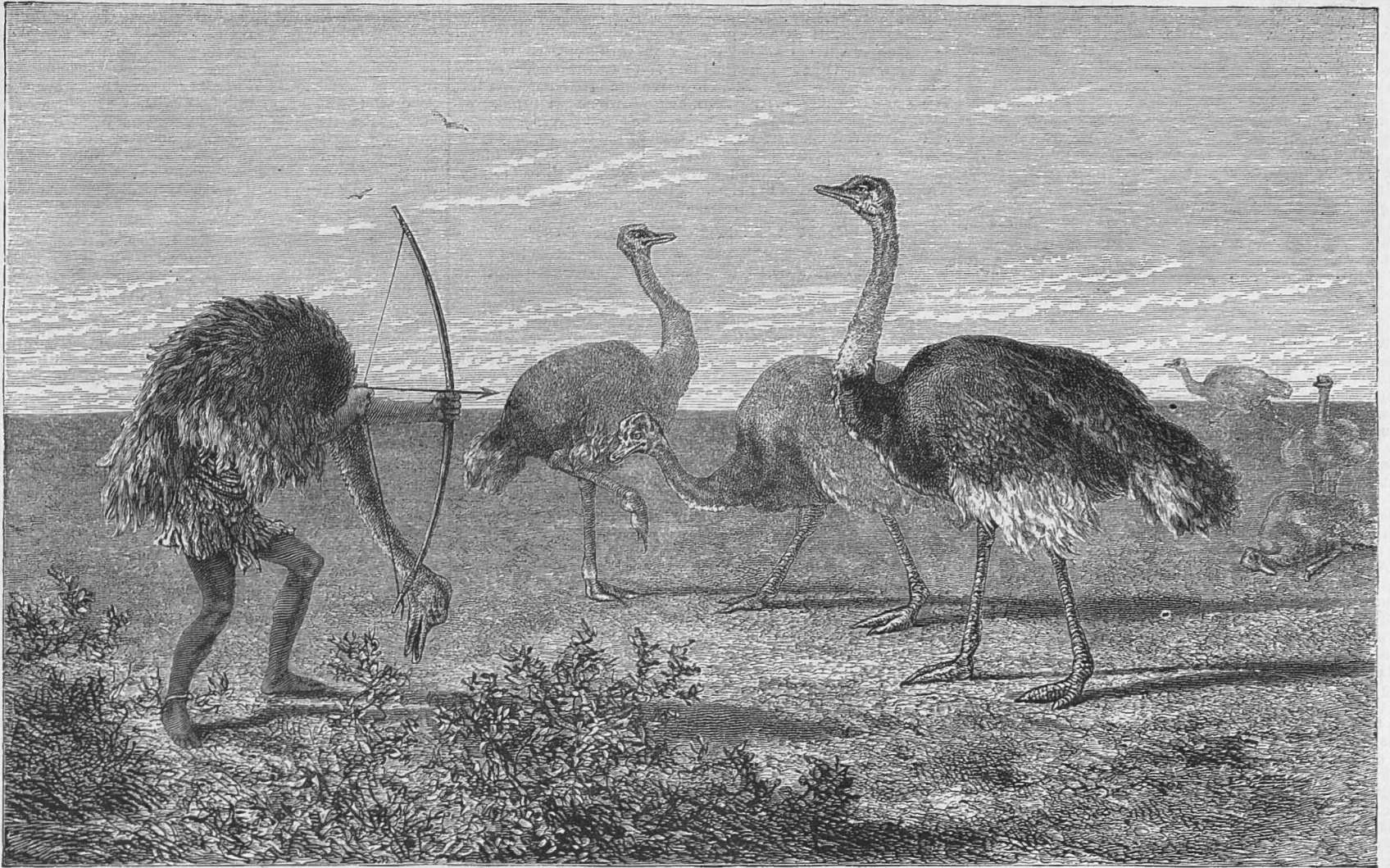
MR. GEORGE HONEY would not have suited the immortal Richardson, whose dramatic company used to get well through a farce, a melodrama—full of sepulchral "ha! ha's!" "no matter's!" "a time will come," &c.—together with a pantomime, harlequinade and all, under the half hour. It is wonderful what a great deal of a play may be done in two minutes if the performers give their minds to expedition; and this is precisely the space of time occupied by the above-named most admirable comedian in the third act of *Caste*, in "business," during which he does not speak a word, nor indeed perform any particularly important act. I carefully timed the little scene on Saturday evening, knowing what to expect; and those who understand what two minutes are on the stage—an interminable period in the case of a wait, and quite sufficient to weary an audience if dialogue and action are dull—will appreciate the performance. Eccles is simply filling and lighting his pipe. He carefully searches for and eventually finds a very small screw of tobacco, puts the scanty contents into the bowl, drops a little on the table, diligently scrapes up the grains, and picks up what has fallen on the floor. He savagely pokes the fire, lights his pipe, and smokes viciously. There is no sort of drag. The audience follow with keen amusement every movement made by the dilapidated old scoundrel; and actually for two minutes not a sound is uttered. Actors and all who know what acting is will admit that so extraordinary an incident is worthy of record.

RAPIER.

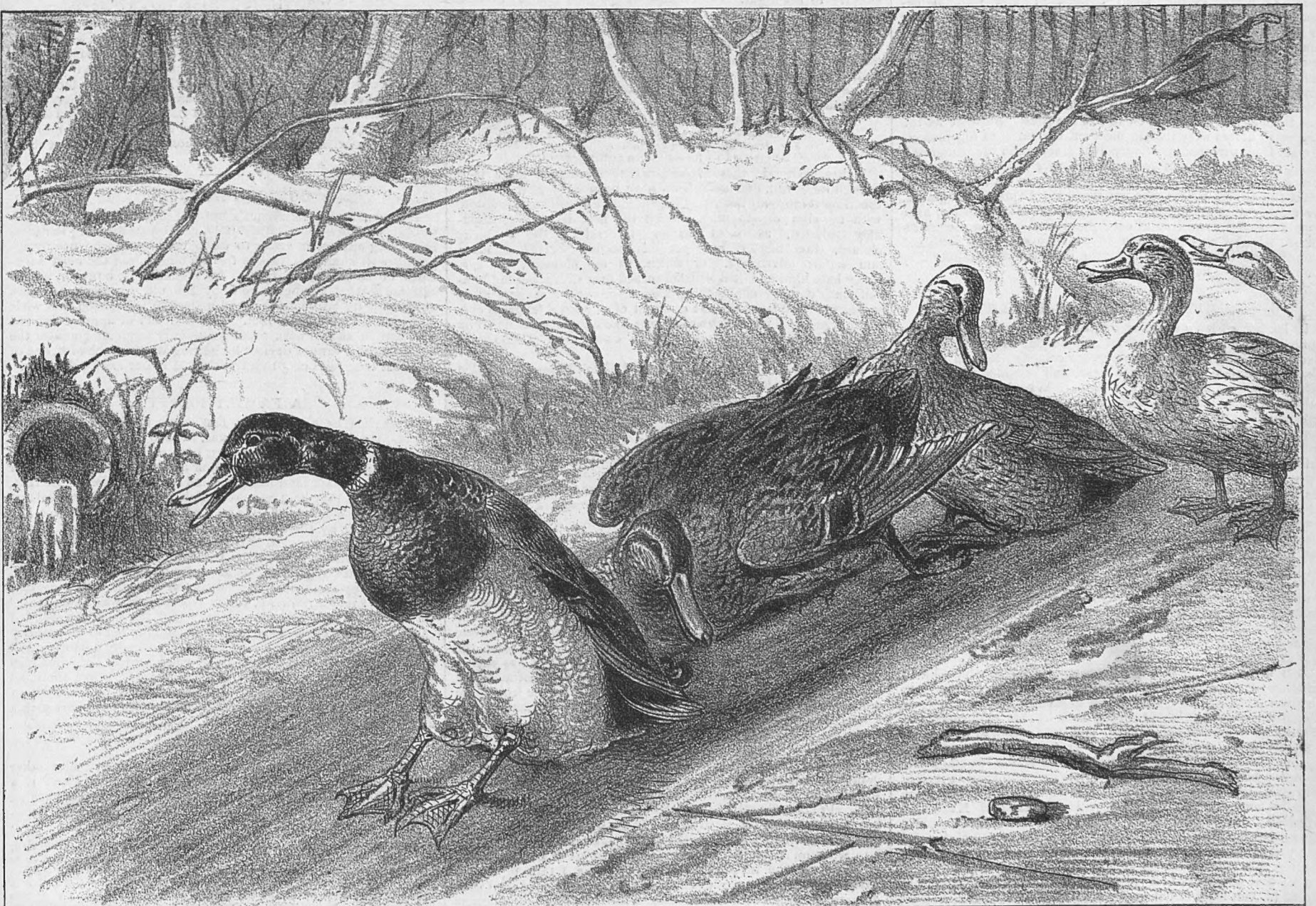
THE idea of presenting H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught with a hunting-box, fully furnished and ready for occupation, seems to be growing into general favour in Ireland.



ATTEN A TAST FORI MINDLES."



OSTRICH HUNTING.



"BOTHER THOSE BOYS."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

THE Royal and Imperial lady whose portrait appears on another page most worthily begins the series of "Ladies Celebrated in the Hunting Field;" not only by reason of her exalted rank, but because no sportswoman more gentle, bold, and true ever sailed gaily across Leicestershire pastures and the fences which separate them. It is no small compliment to the attractions of our little island that the Empress of Austria and Queen of Bohemia and Hungary, desiring to seek health and recreation in the open air, should desert the broad plains of the countries over which she holds sway to seek the delights of an English hunting field. We, of course, think the selection wise, and nothing but natural, firmly holding and boldly claiming that to follow a pack of good foxhounds is the *summum bonum* of sport; but we must admit, none the less, that foreigners, as a rule, are likely to be prejudiced in favour of their own country, and that a mighty Empress who has the resources of three kingdoms at her beck and call could hardly have been expected to cross the Channel and help to swell a field of English foxhunters. All the more do we welcome the noble lady on this account, and it is with sympathetic regret for straight-going Irishmen, who enjoy nothing so much as seeing a lady well in front and fully able to hold her own, that we hear rumours as to the probability of the contemplated Irish tour being postponed or abandoned. No wonder that the West Meath are in a state of deep affliction.

The Empress Elizabeth is the cousin of the Emperor of Austria, himself a keen sportsman, though his quests are usually made rifle in hand after the chamois or the deer in the hills and woods round about Ischl—ininitely nobler and better sport than waiting with a couple of breech-loaders in a hot corner, and potting pheasants, to be counted at the end of a short day by hundreds. Driving is there occasionally practised, but rumour says—and a particularly well-informed correspondent of the *World* confirms the report—that a solitary hunting expedition, with no companion but his favourite jäger, deep into the wooded mountains and solitary valleys, which stretch round the Imperial domain in every direction, is more to the Emperor's taste. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, they will often make excursions of two or three days' duration, staying the night at some distant chalet, where the only fare, but the game they bring with them, is goat cheese and milk, with black-looking bread, the rank of their guest being sometimes unknown to the peasants who give him shelter. The same authority gives details of the Emperor's marriage with the lady whose portrait we have the distinguished honour of publishing:—"Prosaic and matter-of-fact as the Emperor looks, there is a touch of romance about his marriage. The Empress Elizabeth is his cousin. Her elder sister, now Princess of Thurn-Taxis, was destined for the Imperial throne. But the young monarch, on going to Munich to visit his intended bride, was so struck with the beauty and charms of her younger sister, that, after a ball at the Schloss of her father, Duke Max, he presented the simple young Bavarian princess, then a mere girl of sixteen, with a bouquet, telling her that she was thenceforth Empress of Austria and Queen of Bohemia and Hungary."

The surprise created some years ago at a favourite meet by the sudden appearance of our distinguished guest will not soon be forgotten. Without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, the Empress rode into the field, and cantered to the covert-side, many—probably the majority of those present—being unaware of her identity, though a whisper had, of course, gone round that this honour was in store for the hunt. The generally "correct" appearance of the lady, the neatly turned-out grooms—Englishmen, as a matter of course—the admirable cattle on which masters and servants and a well-known cavalier in charge were mounted—the name of this gallant captain of Lancers in itself speaks volumes where horses are concerned—drew attention to the small cavalcade; and soon it became abundantly apparent that the Empress, who had come to England to hunt, knew perfectly well what was requisite and could hold her own with the best. "Hands," "seat," and knowledge of pace are all possessed in a high degree by this Imperial lady; and whoever might be for the time enjoying the position of pilot or guide not only very often found his place a sinecure, but, even if he were the gallant Lancer just mentioned, had at times to do all he knew to live the pace. Straight as the Empress's horses were ridden, however, the writer of this memoir can say from personal experience that a season in the Empress's stable has (if the maxim *ex uno disce omnes* holds true) the very reverse of an ill effect upon the carefully chosen animals; which, under the circumstances, is a tribute to the Captain's judgment. Over Irish walls and banks the Empress would, doubtless, have gone as straight and true as over oxers and rails in Leicestershire. We can only hope that if her countenance is withheld from British hunting-fields this year her Imperial Majesty may soon be amongst us again.

MR. HENRY IRVING AS HAMLET.

It has long been a standing reproach to the stage that no one came forward to do for tragedy and serious drama what Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hare have done for comedy—that is to say, place pieces upon the stage with a care and consideration worthy of the traditions of the British drama. Whether or not these two popular and skilful managers have done their best in the interests of their art is a question into which we need not enter here. An admirable English play—a work second to none that the last generation has seen produced—occupies one stage; but before the revival of *Caste* the Prince of Wales's was given over to those adaptations of French comedy which are the bane of native dramatic art; and at the Court a French adaptation has lately been revived for the second time. Mr. Irving takes higher ground, inasmuch as we shall hardly find adaptations at the Lyceum; and his lesseship of this favourite house, so worthily begun by a production of *Hamlet*, has induced us to present with this number Mr. Barnard's picture, drawn some four years ago, and published in this journal at the time. Owing to the then comparatively limited circulation of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, and to the stride which the paper has since then taken, it has been considered that the republication would have many of the attributes of an entirely new drawing.

It is much too late in the day to enter upon anything like a criticism of the great actor whose form and features are here vividly delineated. Mr. Irving had gradually been growing in the estimation of intelligent critics, until by his performance of Hamlet he crowned the edifice, and was allowed a position infinitely above, and, in fact, altogether removed from, his contemporaries in the more serious walks of the drama. In all he does there is a keen appreciation of the author's meaning and an insight into the spirit of the part which come like a revelation upon his auditors. It has been said of Edmund Kean that witnessing his Shakspearian assumptions was like "reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning." Mr. Irving's Shakspearian interpretations are, we should be rather disposed to say, like reading Shakspeare by the equable light of the noonday sun. To say that he is not at all times equally admirable is simply to record of him what might be recorded of every mortal man, from Shakspeare himself downwards. Mr. Irving's Macbeth, magnifi-

cent in parts, was specially unequal, for the reason that he was unable adequately to convey his elaborate conception of the author's intention; and, moreover, that his physical means, tested with more than usual severity, here failed him. Neither, perhaps, was his Othello equal to his Hamlet and Richard III., or to that wondrously fine performance of Philip in Mr. Alfred Tennyson's *Queen Mary*. But here and there in Othello supremely fine touches of consummate art were visible, and no few simple words have in our generation created so deep an effect upon an audience as the utterance, "I'll not believe it!" with which—for so terribly short a time—Othello casts from him all unworthy doubts of his wife's utter purity. The action here, too—turning away from the room and walking to the door, beyond which an expanse of sunny, smiling country stood revealed—was strangely expressive.

The future of the Lyceum, ruled over by the great actor whose portrait is here given, will be watched by all true lovers of art with an interest far beyond that which has attached to any theatrical enterprise of our time.

"AFTER A FAST FORTY MINUTES."

At last! The "seasonable weather," concerning which last week we had something to say, has disappeared; whether or not frightened away by the objurgations levelled at it by disappointed hunting men, whose horses were eating their heads off, cannot be accurately ascertained. "Suppose the frost continues through the whole winter!" has been the afflicting thought agitating many more or less gentle breasts. Suppose there were to be no hunting for weeks, no chance of proving the excellence of a carefully-chosen stud, seeing whether the little bay mare was as good as she looked, and how much discount must be allowed for the eulogistic assertions of her late owner! Such reflections, which troubled sleep and came back like waking nightmares, are all dispelled. At last the country is clear; deep it may be, heavy going even on the grass, worse in the plough, and knee-deep in the rides through tangled coverts; but what does that matter? Man and horse are fit and keen, and if the hounds could speak, or could extend their observations beyond the eloquent remarks by which they are accustomed to express their hopes, doubts, suspicions, and convictions, to judge by the merry style in which they trot along round the huntsman's horse, they would fully join in the congratulations which are being exchanged on all sides as friends meet and jog along together towards the spot appointed.

Recent immunity from danger has made Master Reynard incautious, and he is pleasantly trotting along through the undergrowth, when "Vixen" comes upon a spot he has just quitted, and announces her discovery in the most unmistakable manner. Her companions readily admit the justice of the information, and the fox hearing their rude and offensive remarks and references to his private affairs, does not wait to resent the intrusion, but quietly retires, being noticed in the act by a too enthusiastic youth who yells like a demon, thereby, as it happens, considerably expediting the wily varmint's retreat; for had he been headed back into covert, flaying alive would have been considered too playfully mild and genial a punishment for the offender. Off goes the fox across the open, and the hounds, running almost to view, eagerly bound through the fence, followed by the field in general, barring two or three, who go carelessly and land on their heads or backs as the case may be, not calculating on a ditch on the other side of the jump. Men who want to live to the end will do well to take a pull at their horses; for though there is sound wisdom in poor Major Whyte-Melville's theory that a horse in fighting for his head takes as much out of himself as if allowed to go with tolerable freedom, the horses this morning are too much inclined to gallop. Which way? Towards those disagreeably dense woods to the left, where a fox with decent topographical knowledge would have so excellent a chance of finding an open earth, or away, bearing slightly to the right, across a line of splendid country that we know so well. A moment of anxious doubt decides it, and the hounds make a decided bend for the right. Over the rails is an easy task, for a heavy man on a huge horse placidly goes at and crashes through the top one: but many saddles are emptied and boots filled in the deep and disagreeable brook beyond, having crossed which in safety we may fearlessly join in the rhymers' congratulation:—

We're steadily sailing away to the fore; I
Think we've every prospect of seeing the run,
For, *primo aspirat fortuna labori*,
A thing is half finished when neatly begun.

It has been said that five-and-twenty minutes is quite long enough for a run, and many who have been hard at it have by this time thoroughly adopted this opinion; but still hounds go on, with no sign of stopping, though the field is very considerably thinned, as need hardly be said. By a lucky chance, the master has got his second horse, a mean and unfair advantage, for which, at the moment, we cordially hate him, and had he been turned over without doing himself much damage about this period of the run I fear some of us would not have lamented the downfall of as good a fellow as ever sat in a saddle; for, much as you may like a man, you like him less than usual when he is cutting you down, and "bellows to mend" is the general situation.

But suddenly a ringing "View Holloa!" proclaims that they have seen him, and in the next field the stout fox is rolled over. One lady, two men, the master, and huntsman alone are up, and from the heaving flanks of the horse which has so gallantly carried the latter, as depicted by Mr. Sturgess to the right of the drawing, it is clear he could not have held on much longer. The Whip just stumbles into the field at the critical moment, the effort of scrambling through the last fence just finishing off his horse; and a few others struggle up in turn to receive the credit of having gone well through a Fast Forty Minutes.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING IN THE NORTH.

King Frost reigns and rules in the North supreme at present, his cold grasp has chilled and frozen river, lake, and bay. From the lordly Clyde rolling down to the sea in its might, its bosom studded with tall ships on their way to and from all parts of the globe, to "the burn that whimples through the clachan," all are ice-bound. The curlew, the skater, and last but not least, the slider, are all in their glory; for seldom of late years has such a rare opportunity been afforded for enjoying the pastimes and pleasures of the ice as the present. But to none is the frost more welcome than to the fowler, whether he be sportsman or pot-hunter, or fowling for his daily bread.

On the banks of the River Clyde the latter class is by far the most numerous, especially at the present time, when the City Bank failure, gigantic frauds, and the severity of the winter have deprived so many willing hands of their accustomed employment. From Glasgow downwards, for about a dozen miles, the river and its banks are little suited to the habits or as a resort for wild-fowl, but from thence, till its waters mingle with the sea, it affords both a home and a shelter. From the promontory below Bowling whereon stands the ancient Roman fortress of Dunglass, and monument to the memory of Henry Bell, the father of steam-navigation, for about three miles on either side, wild fowl congregate in flocks. Dunglass Bay, with its reedy shore, offers splendid shelter to the wild duck and snipe, while the sand

and mud banks stretching out into the river invite the curlew, sandpiper, and the whole of the gull family. The shores of the Milton island are also a favourite haunt, especially for the "whaup," their numbers being often so great that their united cry can be heard for miles. Here also the stately heron takes his solitary stand in the capacity of eel-catcher, for hours at a time, his perseverance being generally rewarded with success. To the fowler who shoots for the market the heron has little charm; his principal recommendation is his "hackle" for the "tiefly" and plumes for my lady's hat. Not so the plump little golden plover, with its speckled coat, it being keenly sought after as a rare table delicacy. Market fowlers, like those in the accompanying drawing, scull or row their boats slowly along when there is no wind to fill a lug; the quick ears of the experienced hear afar off the faint whistle of the plover, it comes nearer and nearer, strikingly resembling the opening notes of the air "Lady Mary Ramsey." On moves the boat. When within range, bang, bang, bang! go the guns as long as there is anything to fire at, then a quick pull and the kill is picked up. A plumper or sweeter morsel does not fly than a good conditioned plover of the species golden.

The curlew follows close. As for the mallard, its oily flavour is known to most of us. The present extraordinary frost, lasting so long, has driven inland many flocks of wild fowl. At present on the Clyde and vicinity may be found the wild swan-heron, canvass-backed duck, golden-eyed teal, great diver, duck, snipe, curlew, plover, gull, coot, and grebe, also many other specimens of sea fowl, seldom or never found in the river but when driven hither by storm. Fowling on the Clyde is mostly carried on by workmen whose employment is suspended for the time being; they come from Glasgow, Paisley, Dumbarton, and Greenock—the result of their sport soon finding its way to the London and Glasgow markets.

The scenery of the Clyde is much and justly celebrated for its varying beauties, being well known to most tourists, as the journey down the river, in the sunny months of June and July, or sultry August; but the beauty of leafy trees, gleaming fields of golden grain and sparkling waters, pales before the picturesque charm which King Frost has worked upon it during the past month. A slight thaw for a day or two broke up the "sheets" on the upper reaches of the Clyde; these were carried down with a rolling speed till met by the advancing tide and a strong south-west gale, which forced "fields" and "wrash" into that picturesque confusion and fantastic piles, each tide adding to it till the frost set in again.

Tables of clear ice, fourteen or fifteen feet square, were forced together and inclined in all manner of angles, like those in the drawing. When the sun shone out on the vast expanse the sparkling and glittering forms, with all the prismatic colours reflected, looked like the ruins of some great city that had been built of glass. This was particularly the case all along the Dumbuck shore, where the "wrash" afforded a capital screen for the fowler to stalk a heron or a brace of mallard, like our "canny freen" in the accompanying sketch. Walking amongst the broken and slippery ice is rather a trial, as an incautious step on a tilted block sends it over with a crash, when away go the ducks with a quack, quack, quack! leaving the disappointed sportsman to look for surer footing.

THE CHRISTENING.

Our engraving is from the celebrated painting by Koemmerer, which was so much admired in the last exhibition of paintings in Paris. The characteristics of the various figures are vividly portrayed, the colouring and accessories are rich and brilliant in their effect, and the composition masterly. It has deservedly won the reputation of a masterpiece, and we have much pleasure in giving our black-and-white presentment of so fine a production.

"BOTHER THOSE BOYS?"

The scene depicted by our artist from a clever sketch in chalk supplied by F.C.G., of Buckhurst Hill, is one of the most ludicrous description with which residents near pools, and the marshy spots in which ducks delight and boys make slides, must often be amused. To see the grave sobriety of these waddling birds suddenly broken in upon by the wildest consternation and perplexity, as one after the other they get upon a slide, is to realise in its full intensity the meaning of their outcries by translating it into the angry exclamation which gives our sketch its title, "Bother those Boys!"

OSTRICH HUNTING.

The monster bird of Africa's burning deserts whose fatal gift of beauty resides in its feathers only, and whose amazing swiftness in running enables it easily to elude the enemy who openly approaches its haunts, is, luckily for the hunter, not the most sagacious or suspicious of birds. Its stupidity is, however, not so extreme as that attributed to it by the old travellers. It does not plunge its head into the sand under the impression that what it cannot see cannot see him. The difficulty of approaching the wild ostrich and its unsuspecting stupidity originate amongst the native hunters various devices for getting within reach of it, one of the most common being that represented in our artist's drawing.

A FAMILY PARTY.

If, as has been said, cats first came to this country from Cyprus, the land of love and Venus, in such family parties as our picture presents there has doubtless been much discussion of late on the subject of peace with honour and the possession of their forefathers' ancient land being handed over to England. Be that, however, as it may be, there is certainly much that is graceful and charming in a group of playful kittens tenderly cared for and watched over by the maternal tabby, and it is pleasant to see. Less pleasant, perhaps, to us than such a sight was to the negroes in Jamaica, who, according to the author of a natural history of that land, once regarded cats as choice tit-bits for dainty dishes, as did also, by-the-bye, certain soldiers in Palermo, who converted certain cats into a *fricassee*, which Goethe says was "excellent." "I can assure my readers," said he, "that the flesh of a well-fed cat is extremely good. It is, indeed (presuming her to be properly dressed), not only agreeable in taste, but actually a dainty; and it is imagination and prejudice alone which protect the feline race among us from the uses of the gastronomic art." But, there, let us not encourage ideas which, if adopted, would in hundreds of happy homes be the gravely terrible breaking-up of many such a happy family party as here you see.

WITH the new year the *Fishing Gazette* has passed into other hands, and exhibits every sign of increased vitality. There is a large public interested in fishing which ought to support such an excellent class organ as the *Fishing Gazette* promises to be.—"Atlas" in *The World*.

SUDDEN CHANGES.—Alcoholic Drinks, Want of Exercise, &c., frequently produce biliousness, headaches, &c. Eno's Fruit Salt is the best remedy. A gentleman writes:—"I have used Eno's Fruit Salt for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that Eno's Fruit Salt is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness." Price 2s. 9d. Sold by all chemists.—[ADVT.]

THE DRAMA.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

There must be something very special in a comedy which, reproduced after almost unprecedentedly long runs, still holds an audience enchained by its familiar incidents, moving them to laughter and to tears at the author's will. And as regards *Caste* the reasons of its wonderful popularity are not far to seek. Mr. Robertson's kindly feeling, his keen humour, his ready wit, the perfectly natural proceedings of the personages whose touching story he has told with such true and simple pathos, at once make their way to the spectator's appreciation and soon afterwards to his heart. Mr. Robertson did much very excellent work, but nothing so entirely good from beginning to end as the story of Esther Eccles and George d'Alroy. The revival is entirely welcome, only one short line in the programme detracting from the pleasure it causes, namely, that which notifies the last appearance of Mrs. Bancroft in the character of Polly. The part was certainly never played more freshly and brightly than on Saturday evening, and there can surely be no reason why Mrs. Bancroft should abandon a line of characters in which she shines so conspicuously, and, indeed, is wholly without a peer. Mr. Bancroft, of course, resumes his old part of Captain Hawtree, an assumption upon which authors and actors have founded so many characters in so many plays. The performance is altogether worthy of the attention it has excited, and remains a model of finished comedy acting. Of Mr. George Honey's really marvellous study of Eccles we have spoken elsewhere. It has been customary to write of this as somewhat exaggerated, and here and there some slight ground for the complaint may be discovered. But it should be remembered that Eccles is a hypocrite, and knows that he is so; and such a creature would be very likely indeed to overdo his hypocrisy. Following Mr. Hare as Gertrude, Mr. Arthur Cecil had a trying ordeal to go through; but he came out of it triumphantly. The part is full of those clever touches for which we always look, and never look in vain, in Mr. Cecil's admirable work. Mr. Clayton, as D'Alroy, is somewhat less happy. He does not seem quite at home in the part, and plays without that hearty belief in the reality of his assumed character which is essential to complete success. Miss Roselle came near to making a marked success in Miss Lydia Foote's old part, Esther Eccles. In the first half of the dramatic scene at the end of the second act, where Esther struggles to overcome her emotions and buckle on the sword of the husband who must soon leave her for the field of battle, she played with feeling and effect; but towards the end her grief was not far from the reproach of being artificial. One forgot the young wife's despair and remembered the actress. Miss Le Thiere played the Marchioness with befitting dignity. As a matter of course, the room in the second act, wherein alone a chance for scenic display is afforded, was in the most perfect taste. The revival was welcomed with enthusiasm; and the moist eyes of the audience marked the success more unmistakably than it could have been proclaimed by the wildest applause.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Savile Clarke, whose penultimate achievement in the direction of the drama was a sonnet on Miss Ellen Terry as Ophelia, has started off on a very opposite tack by the production at Drury Lane of an ingenious farce, under the title of *The Tale of a Telephone*. The tale in question is as heartrending to those engaged as it is mirth-provoking to unsympathetic spectators. Tatkin, "something in the City," is the hero, and he has laid on a telephone to his office. Investigating scientific inventions has apparently so much occupied his time that he has been too hasty in the selection of his clerk, Sudds, a youth who beguiles the tedium of his official labours by making rude remarks down the telephone to Mrs. Tatkin, who imagines that her husband is the offender, and replies in kind. Tatkin's bewilderment, when he mildly addresses the lady and receives furious replies, is extreme, and it is greatly heightened when a terribly ferocious colonel of Mexican Irregulars, Rufus Whittle by name, suddenly appears, thirsting for Tatkin's blood. The explanation is that while Tatkin has been away his daughter's lover has called to ask the young lady's hand, and has seized the opportunity of uttering tender speeches down the telephone at a moment when the instrument was in communication with Rufus Whittle's house. The Colonel has imagined that Tatkin was the telephonic trifter making love to Mrs. Whittle, and hence his furious intrusion into Tatkin's peaceful establishment. Without pursuing the complications that ensue, it may be briefly said that the idea is very funnily worked out, the hoarse utterances which at intervals come down the telephone being especially comical. It is to be regretted that so ingenious a little piece did not fall into the best hands. Mr. Toole as Tatkin, for instance, would have been wildly diverting; and Tatkin is not quite in Mr. Barsby's line. Mr. Shepherd, as the Colonel, plays well, and Messrs. Hughes and Tritton render assistance. The pantomime "goes" admirably, and some alterations that have been made in the harlequinade are most judicious.

DUKE'S THEATRE.

THIS convenient and commodious theatre, so long nipped by the frosts of adversity, would seem at last to have fallen into the hands of a management capable of making it popular. The present programme, although far from new, comprises two standard dramas of such undoubted excellence that we are never surprised to find them drawing good audiences when fairly mounted and played. The first of them, Mr. Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn* is the masterpiece among Irish dramas. It is so well constructed, presents a series of such practical theatrical effects, and such a combination of the humorous, the fanciful, and the pathetic in dialogue and characterisation, that it is bound to have a fresh interest even for playgoers who have seen it over and over again. At the Duke's Theatre the *Colleen Bawn* is very well put upon the stage. The romantic Irish scenery, which lends such a charm to the incidents which occur is very ably reproduced by Mr. Thomas Rogers, the scenic artist of the establishment. The Lake of Killarney by Moonlight, the Gap of Dunloe, Tore Cregan, The O'Donoghue Stables, and above all the Water Cave, where Myles-na-Coppaleen rescues Eily O'Connor, are pictures highly suggestive of romance. The acting of the *Colleen Bawn* at the Duke's Theatre is very fair for the most part, and in one or two instances good. The best-performed parts in it are the Kyrle Daly of Mr. Charles Glenney, the Anne Chute of Miss Ada Murray, and the Eily O'Connor of Miss May Holt. Kyrle Daly is not a very great part, but Mr. Glenney plays it with a point and finish that cannot fail to tell. Miss Murray's Anne Chute is full of spirit, and Miss Holt's Colleen Bawn, if scarcely Irish enough to be realistic, is nevertheless graceful and intelligent. If we say that the Danny Mann of Mr. Jones Finch is not quite in accordance with our notion of the character, we must, notwithstanding, describe it as an effective melodramatic performance. The principal part of the play, Myles-na-Coppaleen, is the most unsatisfactorily acted. Mr. J. S. Delaney, who assumes the part, although apparently an Irish-

man, has little appreciation of the light and shadow, the humour and fancy, of which it is composed, and accordingly fails to bring the proper effect of the character fairly before the audience. Mr. David Evans enacts the part of Father Tom efficiently. Miss Lloyd as Sheelah, Mr. Rennell as Hardress Cregan, Miss Rose Dale as Mrs. Cregan, and Mr. Wilton as Corri-gan are all tolerably good. The *Colleen Bawn* is followed by Douglas Jerrold's evergreen nautical drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*. In spite of its old-fashioned, and sometimes almost bombastic language, in spite of situations that to the irreverent mind of the modern playgoer suggest a flavour of burlesque *Black-Eyed Susan* is such a sound, healthy, affecting drama that it seldom fails to touch the hearts of an English audience. At the Duke's Theatre it is put on the stage in a thoroughly excellent manner, the scene of "the Downs" with the British fleet lying at anchor being particularly effective. The hero, William, is played by Mr. Clarence Holt in the good old conventional fashion, "à la Mister T. P. Cooke." Here again Mr. Charles Glenney distinguishes himself in the part of Captain Crostree, which he plays in a manner that warrants us in predicting that the young actor will soon make way in his profession. Miss Ada Murray, as Black-Eyed Susan, is good, and Miss Rose Dudley makes a pretty Dolly Mayflower. The Admiral is really well played by Mr. Jones Finch. Mr. H. L. Haynes is Hatchett; Mr. David Evans, Doggrass; Mr. Louis Fredericks, Jacob Twig; Mr. J. G. Wilton, Gnatbrain; Mr. James Nelson, Blue Peter; Mr. Ellerman, Lieutenant Pike; and Miss Emily Kean plays Jack Rattling, and sings the song of "All in the Downs." Messrs. Holt and Wilton are to be congratulated upon having succeeded in awakening new hope for the fortunes of the Duke's Theatre. An entirely original drama by Paul Merritt and G. F. Rowe, entitled *New Babylon*, is in active preparation, and is said to be of a very exciting nature.

Mr. Conway's accident casts no reflection on his horsemanship. While bending down to alter his stirrup-leather his horse slipped on a piece of ice; and as at the moment he had little control over the animal, a plunge, caused by a sudden unintentional touch of the spur, unseated the young actor. Mr. Conway is rapidly recovering from the effects of his fall.

The Snowball, a new farcical comedy in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, the author of *Mammon*, is in active rehearsal at the Strand Theatre. The principal parts will be supported by Miss Ada Swanborough, Mr. W. H. Vernon, and Miss Lottie Venn.

The various rumours that have circulated so mysteriously during the past week regarding important managerial and proprietary changes in respect of certain popular theatres in the Strand have not yet become crystallised into any definite fact. We have authority, however, for saying that Mr. Fred Vokes, the pantomimist, is likely before long to enter upon the management of one of the theatres adjacent to the Strand.

Mr. De Jongh, the eminent flautist of Manchester, has recently patented an invention that is likely to prove valuable to theatrical managers all over the world. It is a mechanical contrivance for the ticket-boxes of theatres, which will, it is said, be an infallible check upon the money received, and therefore render the petty peculation, which is unfortunately so common, impossible. Mr. Irving has been the first to adopt Mr. De Jongh's invention, and will shortly test its efficacy at the Lyceum. Mr. Wm. Glover, of the Theatre Royal, has had in use a similar invention, which he has found to be perfectly satisfactory in checking the money received at the doors.

Monsieur Marius, of the Strand Theatre, will be Madame Selina Dolaro's stage manager at the Folly. Monsieur Marius means to prove the truth of Sterne's celebrated remark, "They manage these things better in France."

It is said that the capitalist responsible for the new Folly speculation is a well-known hotel proprietor, whose experience in theatrical matters is great.

It is also rumoured that the first piece to be produced by Madame Dolaro will be from the pen of Mr. James Albery.

Mr. Frank Green has entirely re-written the pantomime at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, which was such a dire failure. We are happy to learn that the united efforts of Mr. Green and Mr. McArdle have put new life into the moribund piece, and that at the eleventh hour it promises to be an assured success.

Mr. Barry Sullivan presided at the Savage Club dinner on Saturday last, at which there was a large gathering of well-known literary, artistic, and dramatic gentlemen. Among the popular tragedians the guests was Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., the Home Ruler. The tragedian sang a good comic song, and the Home Ruler gave the "Wearing of the Green" with as much earnestness as Mr. Dion Boucicault himself could have infused into it.

The new piece which Mr. Charles Wyndham is about to produce at the Criterion has been adapted by Mr. James Albery. It has already passed the "Examiner of Plays" almost unscathed. Mr. Wyndham appears to have learned the art of modifying lively comedy within the prescribed bounds.

We believe the Alhambra directors purpose producing Offenbach's new opera. In the meantime, however, *La Poule aux Œufs d'Or*, which is decidedly the most magnificent spectacle to be seen anywhere in London, proves an immense success, the house being nightly crowded in every part. Mr. Charles Morton must be congratulated upon the brilliant results of his management.

THE PANTOMIMES.

"TOM TIDDLER; OR, HARLEQUIN JACK IN THE BOX," AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE.

A pantomime is in safe hands when Mr. Joseph Cave undertakes its production, and his chief difficulty probably is rather to find scope and opportunity for realising on his boards the number and variety of his ideas than to seek the ideas themselves. Packed within the scenes and incidents of *Tom Tiddler* you may find nearly every feature most strikingly effective in past pantomimes. The double-headed giant (Mr. James Wieland) is a wonder of constructive ingenuity, Miss Jenny Lee as Maybud is archly humorous and amusing, Mr. Harry Monkhouse makes up a perfect Sloper for the pawnbroker, who, as the Tom Tiddler of a poor neighbourhood, is picking up gold and silver, and the advent of Miss Emily Adams on the boards of "the Vic." as Sir Rupert the Valiant, marks the advent of a young beginner, who, if we are not greatly mistaken, is destined to make her mark on the boards as a vigorously clever, sprightly, pretty little actress of no mean power. She is very young, and has hitherto only been known as a music-hall singer of character songs, but we shall lose faith in our judgment sadly if we do not meet her hereafter on the West-end boards in a prominent position. A word of praise must be given to the constructor of the property elephant, which reminded us of the old Drury Lane property man, who scornfully compared with his own pasteboard production a real elephant at Covent Garden Theatre, which, he said, was not a bit like life in comparison with his own. Mr. Fred Yarnold, as Jack in the Box, evoked burst after burst of the heartiest merriment, and performed the dwarf business in the box with a dexterity and completeness which rendered it thoroughly deceptive. The transformation scene was truly "gorgeous," and

the comic scenes were full of old-fashioned frolicsomeness and Grimaldi-like fun and trickery.

We have not yet had time for visiting the pantomimes east of our office, but intend to do so for next week's issue.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TALLINGTON VICAR.—Your solution of Problem 216 (by Mr. Studd) is correct.

THE PAINTER (Shepherd's Bush).—Your solutions of 215 and 216 are correct. Your admiration is well deserved.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 217, by R. L., Tyro, and Juvenis are correct. R. M.—Pseudo-martyrs, are they? English critics have attacked not individuals, but the system. As to other matters, even small boys who unprovokedly throw mud must expect to be occasionally caught and whipped by those whom they soil; but they ought to take their punishment bravely, and not whimper and publicly parade their bruises.

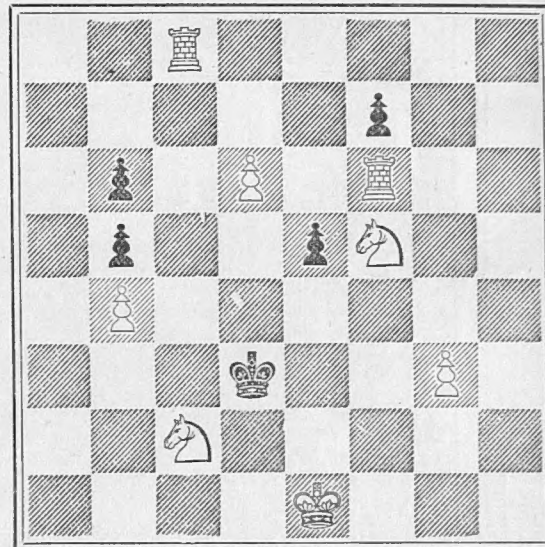
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 215.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Q to Kt 6 | K to Kt 3 (a) |
| 2. R to Kt sq (mate). | (a) 1. Kt to Kt 3 (b) |
| | (b) 1. Kt to K 3 (c) |
| 2. R takes P (mate). | (c) 1. P takes P |
| 2. Kt to R 7 (mate). | |
| 2. Q to Kt sq (mate). | |

PROBLEM No. 217.

By J. THURSBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A SPIRITED and interesting game, played on the 15th August last year, between Mr. MacDonnell and a well-known expert.

[Evans's Gambit]

- | WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-------------------|-------------|---------------------|---------------|
| (Mr. MacDonnell) | (Mr. B.) | (Mr. MacDonnell.) | (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15. R to K sq | Kt to Kt 3 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 16. B to R 4 | B to R 4 (b) |
| 3. B to B 4 | B to B 4 | 17. Kt to Kt 5 (c) | R takes R |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | B takes P | 18. R takes B | Q to Kt 5 (d) |
| 5. P to B 3 | B to B 4 | 19. R to K 4 | Q to K 4 |
| 6. P to Q 4 | P takes P | 20. Kt takes Q P | B to Q 2 |
| 7. P takes P | B to Kt 3 | 21. Q to Q 4 | P to B 4 |
| 8. Castles | P to Q 3 | 22. B to Kt 2 | Q to R 3 |
| 9. P to Q 5 | Kt to R 4 | 23. R to K 3 | K to B 3 (e) |
| 10. P to K 5 | Kt to K 2 | 24. Q to Q Kt 4 (f) | K R to B sq |
| 11. P takes P | P takes P | 25. Q takes Kt P | Q R to Kt sq |
| 12. Kt to B 3 (a) | Kt takes B | 26. Q takes B | R takes B |
| 13. Q to R 4 (ch) | Q to Q 2 | 27. Q to K 6 (ch) | K to R sq |
| 14. Q takes Kt | Castles | 28. Kt to B 7 (ch) | Resigns. |

- (a) The usual course here is B to Q 3.
 (b) It was almost an insult to such a Bishop thus to misapply his talents.
 (c) Treating the Bishop with deserved contempt.
 (d) Black's forces are very much hampered; perhaps his best move here was Kt to B 5.
 (e) Luck is now his only chance for an escape from his difficulties, but White very speedily stamps out that element.
 (f) The concluding moves are well-timed, and bring Black's troubles to a speedy termination.

A QUAIN little game between two Brighton amateurs:—

[Irregular Opening.]

- | WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|--------------------|
| (The late Mr. W. Bennett) | (Mr. L. Leuliette) | (The late Mr. W. Bennett) | (Mr. L. Leuliette) |
| 1. P to Q Kt 4 (a) | P to K 4 | 21. Kt to B 4 | Kt takes B (ch) |
| 2. P to Kt 5 | P to Q 4 | 22. Q takes Kt | B takes Kt |
| 3. P to Q K 4 | Kt to Q B 3 (b) | 23. Q takes B | K R to Q B (sq) |
| 4. P to K 3 | B to Q 3 | 24. Q R to B sq | P to Q K 3 |
| 5. B to Kt 2 | Castles | 25. R to B 7 | Q to K 5 (c) |
| 6. P to Q B 4 | P to B 3 | 26. R takes Kt P | Q takes Q |
| 7. Kt to K 2 | B to K 3 | 27. P takes Q | P takes P |
| 8. Kt to Kt 3 | P to K 5 | 28. P takes R | Q R to Kt sq |
| 9. P takes Q P | P takes Q P | 29. R takes R | R takes R |
| 10. B to K 2 | Q Kt to Q 2 | 30. R to Kt 4 | K to B 2 |
| 11. Kt to R 3 | Kt to K 4 | 31. K to B 2 | K to Kt 3 |
| 12. Kt to B 2 | K Kt to Q 2 | 32. K to K 2 | K to K 3 |
| 13. Kt to Q 4 | Kt to B 4 | 33. K to Q 3 | K to K 4 |
| 14. Castles | P to K B 4 (c) | 34. R to Kt 3 | K to Q 3 |
| 15. P to K B 4 | P takes P (en pass.) | 35. K to Q 4 | P to Kt 4 |
| 16. R takes P | Q to Q 2 | 36. R to Kt 2 | P to R 4 |
| 17. Kt takes B | Q takes Kt | 37. R to Kt 2 | P to R 5 |
| 18. Kt to R 5 | Kt fm B 4 to Q 6 | 38. R to Kt 2 | P to B 5 |
| 19. B to Q 4 (d) | P to Kt 3 | 39. P takes P | P takes P |
| 20. B takes Kt | Kt takes B | 40. P to K 3 | Resigns. |

(a) This very odd sort of move is a favourite one with Mr. P. J. Doyle, of Hoboken, New Jersey, Club. He has adopted it in many important contests with some of the strongest players in the Empire City; and with very satisfactory results. He has named it the "Hoboken Gambit," and as such it is generally known in "the States."

(b) It seems as if P to Q 3 would be strong here—if the "end game" were taken into account. But, as happened to the gentleman who tumbled into a ditch with his eyes fixed on the stars, one may look without seeing.

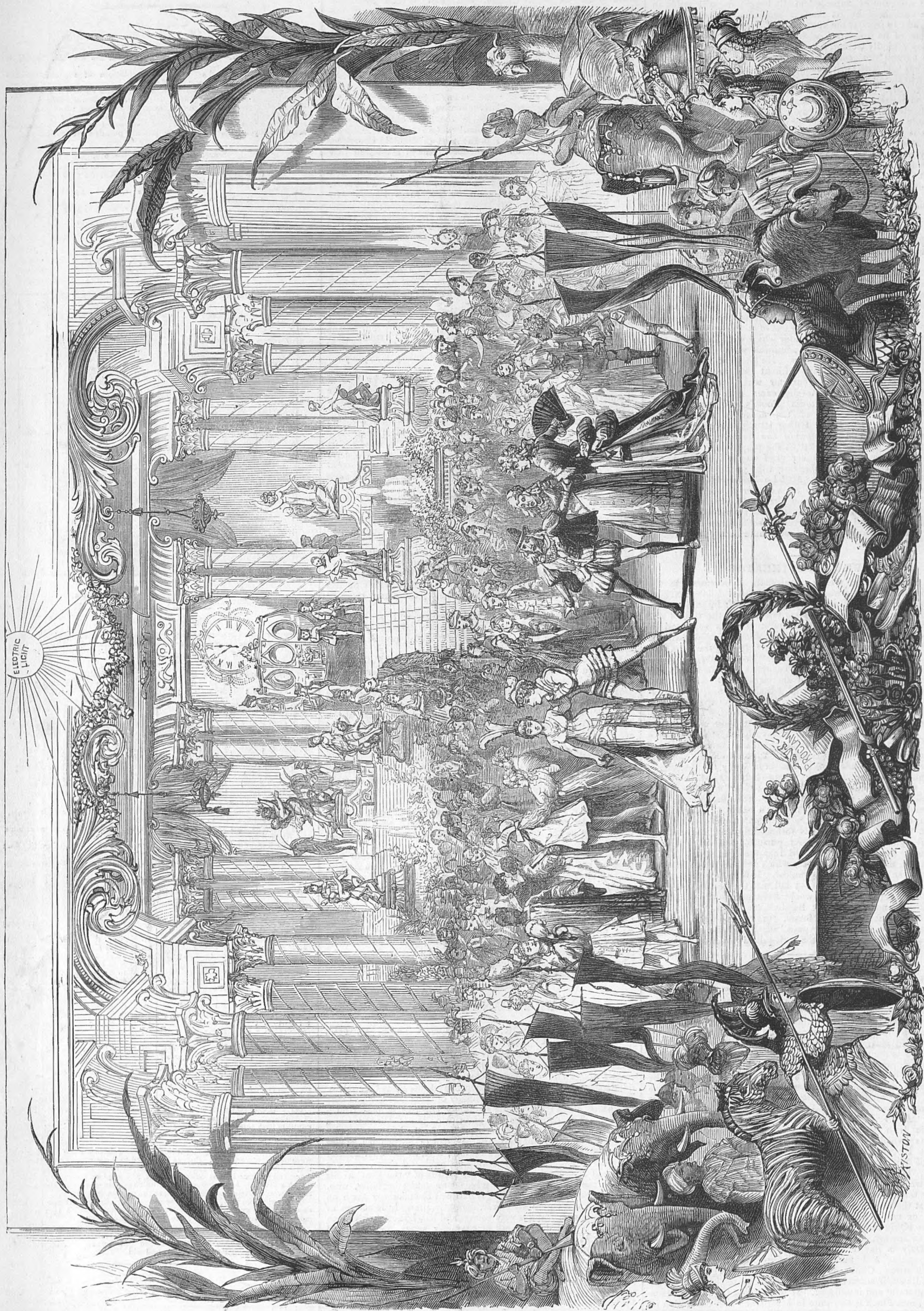
(c) The position here is rather peculiar, and appears to be somewhat in Black's favour. It strikes us, however, that moving one of the Knights to Q 6 would prove more effective than the play in the text.

(d) Taking the Knight at once looks equally effective. From this point onward White gradually gets the upper hand—vide Black's 14th and 15th moves, previous to which his game was to be preferred.

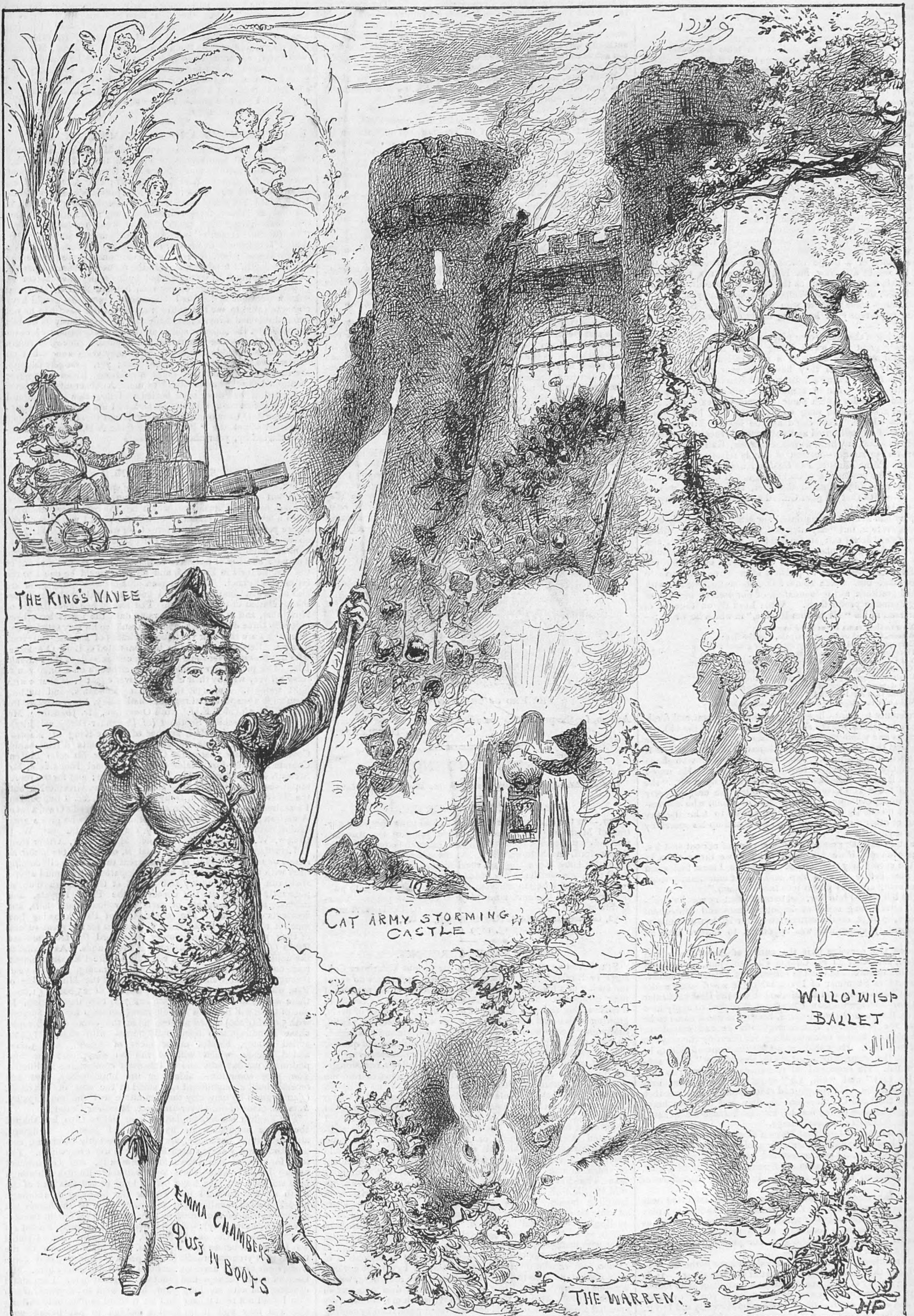
(e) After this, and the subsequent exchange of Queens, we incline to believe his situation becomes untenable. White has nothing to do but advance his King to attack the isolated Pawn, push on his own Pawn, exchange Rook and Pawn for Rook, and win.

CHESS NEWS.

On Saturday, the 25th inst., Mr. J. H. Blackburne will give a blindfold séance at Moullet's Hotel, Newgate-street; on which occasion he will conduct eight games simultaneously against eight representatives of the principal metropolitan and suburban clubs. Play will commence at five o'clock precisely, and the charge for admission will be only one shilling. We hope that the votaries of our game will crowd the rooms to do honour and service to a gentleman whose blindfold exploits are unparalleled by those of any other performer.



SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME AT SANGER'S.



SCENES FROM THE PANTOMIME AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

BY-THE-BYE,

so much has of late been said and written about the Lord Chamberlain and the influence he exerts upon dramatic art and literature, that it sets one thinking about this "anomalous Court functionary" and his curious proceedings in past and present times. For, since the days when Richard Gibson, one of the Royal company of players, and "yeoman tailor to the king," was made "sergeant-at-arms, and of the tents and revels" in bluff King Hal's time, there has been no lack of irritatingly eccentric, capricious, tyrannical doings with regard to plays and players. Sir Thomas Cawarden was appointed Richard Gibson's successor, and as Mr. Dutton Cook says, "to these remote appointments of 'yeoman tailor,' and 'master of the revels' is due that office of 'licenser of plays,' which, strange to say, is extant, and even flourishing, in the present year of grace."

This present secret, arbitrary, and oppressive system of licensing plays (as some call it) sprang indirectly from a bill introduced in June, 1735, by Sir John Barnard "to restrain the number of houses for playing interludes, and for the better regulating of common players." Sir Robert Walpole seized the opportunity its introduction afforded to ratify and confirm by law the power of the Lord Chamberlain—then only partially recognised, and often denounced—and to urge the introduction of a clause for the licensing of plays. He insinuated that should the bill pass without his clause, the Royal signature would not be forthcoming. This of course generated some warm words in the House, and Sir John said, rather than legally give so much important power into the hands of a single officer closely connected with the Crown, he would withdraw his bill, and leave the theatres in their unsatisfactory condition, as the least of two evils. This he ultimately did, to Sir Robert Walpole's serious annoyance.

But all things come to those who wait. In 1737 Sir Robert made the opportunity he had long vainly expected, and this is how he did it:—

In the spring of that year some players dared to make fun of that solemnly great and awful Whig Prime Minister by personating him upon the stage in a play called *The Historical Register of 1736*, just as they have this year personated our present Conservative Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, in most of the pantomimes. But in a much less complimentary spirit; for "Quidam," under which name Walpole was exhibited, not only danced absurdly and sang comic songs, but bribed noisy patriots into silence. This could not be borne. Mr. Gifford, the manager of an unlicensed and unsuccessful theatre in Goodman's Fields—that in which, as you remember, Garrick made his first London appearance—instead of simply rejecting, carried to the resolute Prime Minister *The Golden Rump*, a play which he had received for production upon his stage. It was described as one of the most objectionable character, and Walpole was so pleased therewith that he gave Gifford a reward of one thousand pounds for bringing it.

The play had neither been printed nor acted, and nobody ever knew who wrote it, but "any stick will do to beat a dog with." Sir Robert read select extracts from this play to the House, and they were so full of blasphemy, slander, sedition, and profanity that the members, on the strength of words which no lips but the Prime Minister's had dared to publicly utter, gave him leave to introduce that bill, which some folks, it seems, regard with reverential gratitude as the foundation of our present method of licensing dramatic productions. What Lord Byron thought of it is expressed in his "Hints from Horace," in which he wrote:—

Now to the drama let us bend our eyes,
Where, fettered by Whig Walpole, low she lies;
Corruption foiled her, for she feared her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!
Yet Chesterfield, whose polished pen inveighs
Against laughter, fought for freedom to our plays,
Unchecked by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of Lord Chamberlains.
Repeal that Act! again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears at home.

The reference to Lord Chesterfield is to the eloquent and forcible speech in which his stately lordship denounced the bill, on principle, as one which encroached unnecessarily both upon the property and the due liberty of his Majesty's subjects, just as it has so often been similarly denounced by those who have had a lengthy and practical acquaintance with it. He urged vainly that it was a grievous and oppressive tax upon wit, "the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend upon;" that it gave one man, who was responsible to no one for its exercise, the power to take the very bread out of other men's mouths; and he wound up his speech by earnestly saying:—

"The stage and the press, my lords, are two of our out sentries. If we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step, and a most unnecessary step, for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom."

But the bill passed into law, and so unsatisfactory was its working that, after a long series of despotism abuses and consequent complaints, in 1832, on the instigation of Sir H. Lytton Bulwer, a parliamentary committee was appointed to inquire into its working.

It was on that occasion that the author of *Broad Grins*, and *John Bull*, and other plays, George Colman, jun., gave some remarkable evidence. He was the successor of a strict Methodist, Mr. Larpent, as Examiner of Plays, taking fees and salary under the Lord Chamberlain, and the Methodist was the least particular of the two. George Colman considered it wicked to apply to a woman on the stage the word angel, because it was a name to be found in the Scriptures, and consequently he had erased the word so applied before recommending for licensing the plays in which it was used. He would not permit the name of God to be uttered on the stage, nor allow "Oh, Providence" to be substituted for it. He expunged all references to heaven or to hell, and "Oh, Lud" and "Oh, La" were cut out as very irreverent ejaculations. He complained that oratorios were not then licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, as they had formerly been, not so much because of the fees he lost as because he believed them to be "horribly immoral things."

When it was pointed out that his own plays contained all these objectionable words, and that therein he profusely used those oaths which his Methodistical predecessor did not think fit to expunge, he said, ingeniously, "I was in a different position at that time. I was a careless, immoral author. I am now Examiner of Plays."

Between thirty and forty years ago considerable attention was attracted by the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license a play called *Richelieu*, the author of which was variously described as a man and a woman, a bookseller and a mathematical instrument maker. The author, writing to our present veteran playwright, Mr. J. R. Planché, said:—

"You are mistaken in thinking I could not have borne the condemnation of the public better than that of the Examiner. It is the galling slavery of having to submit to a despotism that makes my heart beat thickly at the remembrance. Are you a dramatic author, and do you not feel this?" Planché evidently did feel it, for in his "Recollections and Reflections," speaking of the Lord Chamberlain's office, he says:—

"The question again raised of the propriety of its entire abolition is a very important question, and should not be hastily decided;

but decided it must be at no very distant date, for the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory to all parties, and no law is good and worthy of preservation the open violation or ingenious evasion of which is, for any reason, constantly permitted to pass unpunished or frequently feigned to be unobserved. . . . The history of the Strand Theatre abounds with the most ludicrous instances of defiance and evasion of the power of the Lord Chamberlain, who, being at last exasperated by the contempt into which his authority was brought, in 1835 forcibly closed the doors, caused the actors to be summoned and fined at Bow-street, and suddenly deprived eighty-six families of their means of subsistence."

By-the-bye, one of the evasive expedients referred to above was that of taking the entrance money at a window because it was declared "illegal to take money at the doors."

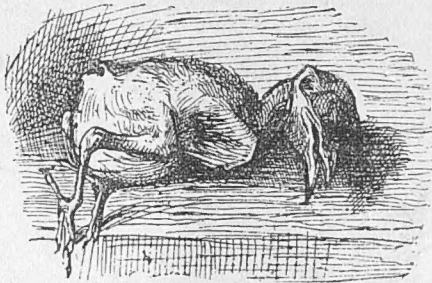
Planché also says:—

"The office was first created for political purposes only. The play might be as licentious in its language, as immoral in its tendency, as profane almost in its ejaculations, provided always there was—as Puff says—'no treason against Queen Elizabeth,' nothing subversive of 'the peace of our Lord the King,' or distasteful to the Government for the time being, no objection was made by the licenser; any other demerit was no affair of his. Such was, I believe, the practice up to the time of the decease of the first holder of the office I can remember, Mr. Larpent. His successor, my old friend George Colman, was certainly, either in pursuance of instructions or of his own mere notion, the inaugurator of a more rigid system of supervision." How rigid that was will be seen from the quotations I have made from his evidence.

By-the-bye, this reminds one of the old story of George Colman's son noticing the accidental obliteration of the last syllable in Schiedam on the label stuck upon a bottle of that spirit at his father's table. He said, "So you've been at your old work, I see, cutting out the damns."

There is still plenty of work for those who would purify the stage and elevate the drama; but have either purification or elevation arisen from the long lease of power held by the Lord Chamberlain? Is the stage of to-day really more pure or refined than it was in the days of the early dramatists? Its worst features differ from the worst features of theatrical performances in other times in kind rather than degree, and it is time—yes, it is time I laid down the pen. When I took it up it was my intention to devote a few words to this subject, and deal with notes of many others; but the result of getting into byeways is that of never knowing where they will lead you or when you will get out of them.

By-the-bye, it is so long since I wrote one of this series of occasional papers—I'm pleased to tell you they are to be more frequent in the future—that I have no doubt you thought I had brought them to a permanent close. But no; the apparent termination was merely—as I said to my little ones when they brought in from the garden, with looks of the tenderest commiseration, the poor little unfledged sparrow which had fallen from its nest on the house-top, and is here sketched—merely



THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

And so, for the present, to you adieu says

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

MADAME ROSE HERSEE.

SIR,—In the elaborate notice attached to your charming portrait of Madame Rose Hersee I perceive you give the names of that lady's professors, including Signor Manuel Garcia, Madame Rudersdorff, and Signor Arditi. As the sole and absolute director of Madame Rose Hersee's vocal studies, and as her teacher in all the parts which she has added to her *répertoire* during the past two years, I beg to ask you, as an act of courtesy, to publish this note in the next issue of your esteemed paper.—Yours faithfully,

A. D. DUVIVIER.

52, Gloucester-crescent, Regent's Park, N.W.,
January 13, 1879.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

SIR,—Among the graduates from the various Veterinary Colleges in England and Ireland there must be many who are at something of a loss to determine where to settle in the practice of their profession. Throughout America, and more especially in the New England and Middle States, there are scores of lively, growing cities and large towns, where the services of skilful, thoroughly well educated veterinary surgeons, are sadly required. In many of these places there are the usual complement of quacks, who, of course, profess to be able to diagnose diseases as well as the best, and, as they often are tolerably clever fellows, occasionally hit the mark. Although there are the yearly graduates from the American Veterinary Colleges, and the occasional English veterinary who has accidentally wandered from home, all of whom almost immediately fall into good practice, the demand is far greater than the supply. In my own State (Massachusetts) I know of at least a dozen localities where, I believe, any well-educated veterinary surgeon of good common sense and good address, carrying with him his credentials and references, could enter into a capital practice from the word "go." He should be such a man as I have described above, not simply a man who has a legal right to follow his name with an "M.R.C.V.S.," but one who has had some experience in handling horses, and is gifted with at least a fair share of common sense; for Americans expect a deal from a graduate of an English educational institution. Such a man, if he prove himself an authority in matters appertaining to his profession, should meet with instant and constant success. In the central part of Massachusetts is the city of Worcester, having a population of 55,000, and constantly increasing, surrounded by a large agricultural district, with no town of any moment, save Fitchburg, within a radius of forty miles. The citizens like and own numbers of valuable horses, used for pleasure driving, which are almost daily speeded along the hard roads at a very rapid pace, thereby causing all sorts of irritating foot diseases. Yet in this city there are but two men (father and son) who can lay the slightest claim to any real knowledge of veterinary surgery, and they are graduates of American colleges. These men have but partially obtained the

confidence of the community, many gentlemen preferring to entrust the care of valuable horses to clever quacks rather than to them. Besides the above there are some half-dozen men who, although they do not claim to be graduated from any veterinary college, yet have the brazen impudence to advertise themselves "veterinary surgeons." Here, then, is at least one opening for a man of ability—Fitchburg: Springfield, New Bedford, Lowell, Taunton, Lawrence, and Fall River, all in Massachusetts, are others. I have no authority to use the name of Hon. C. B. Pratt, Mayor of Worcester, a thorough horseman, but I believe he would be delighted to assist in causing to locate in his city a veterinary surgeon in whom the people could place perfect confidence. If I can be the means of stirring up an immigration into America of good men I shall be glad.—Yours sincerely,

D.
Ventnor, Jan. 12, 1879.

MR. BURNAND AND THE CAMBRIDGE A.D.C.

SIR,—In your biographical notice of Mr. Alfred Thompson you say that at Cambridge he founded the "Thespis Club," "which subsequently, under Mr. F. C. Burnand's management, grew into the famous A.D.C." No, sir; the A.D.C. was my child, and did not grow out of any previously existing club. Until now I had never heard of the "Thespis Club," though in my time, at Trinity, there still existed a vague tradition of some theatricals having once taken place at what had since become "Death and Dyson's"—awful name!—livery stables. Mr. Alfred Thompson's name was, I remember, associated with that ancient legend; but, though the incredulous rejected the entire tale as a myth, I firmly believed in the existence of such a person, and, at last, my faith was rewarded by his appearance before me in person, on the stage of my own beloved A.D.C. On that solemn occasion Mr. Alfred Thompson, I am sure, would have communicated to me the entire truth about the past had he not been summoned away, as suddenly and as mysteriously as he had appeared, by the superior spirits at the Horse Guards, to join his regiment, then under orders for the Crimea. Since his return from that memorable campaign—how many years ago?—but no matter—we have often, very often, met; yet, strangely enough, my excellent, but on this point mysterious, friend has never mentioned the "Thespis Club" to me. At all events, whenever it existed, it had died, been buried and forgotten by the time I came on the scene at Cambridge, and, as I am now about to publish some A.D.C. memoirs, it is as well not to allow this public statement about the "Thespis" and the A.D.C. to remain uncontradicted by, your obedient servant,

F. C. BURNAND.

SPORT IN FRANCE.

SIR,—Herewith I send a few notes of sport in our locality. I shall not speak, of course, of croquet, lawn-tennis, rackets, skating, balls and flirtations, which are the necessary attendants when a few English families get together, but I will at once put before your readers the bill of fare of our winter sports. First and above all, what we consider our chief attraction is the Pau Fox-hounds, admirably managed by its master, the Earl of Howth. The pack consists of forty-five couples picked this summer out of the best kennels in England, and for pace would be equal to the fastest in England. The huntsman and his two whippers-in are also of British importation, and keep up by their civil manners the reputation of their country. The season began on the 5th of November, and in spite of a few rainy days the meets have been regularly three days a week, and the results so far very satisfactory. The horses are this year very fine specimens of English and Irish hunters. Certainly one of the best mounted is Lord Oranmore, who has brought over some of the choicest animals of the Emerald Isle. The pick of our country horses, although on a small scale, show off very well by their cleverness over country, of course with light weights. Amongst the regular attendants, and putting them all in a heap without regard to nationality, I may mention the Earl of Howth (M.P.F.H.), Lord Oranmore, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. F. H. Dumfriesshire, Scotland (of Pretender-Derby celebrity); H.R.H. Count de Bari, brother of the ex-King of Naples; Duke of Guiche, Comte de Dampierre, Vicomte d'Autichamp, Count de Tournon, Baron Le Cordier, Major Malcolm Patton, Captain Paterson-Fox, Major Cairnes, Colonel Bloomfield, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Horngold, Mr. Nugent Humble; and for the representatives of the fair sex, Mesdames Luscombe, Greville-Nugent, the Misses Maher, Hutton, Douglas, Maskellar, &c. I beg pardon, I was almost forgetting what may be called the Devil's Own, a set of American gentlemen, all neck or nothing riders, who give a great deal of dash to the meetings; they are Messrs. Burgess, W. J. Cruger, W. K. Thorn, A. Torrance, Morris Post, Arthur Post, and Hartland Evans. The red coat is, of course, the *habit de chasse de rigneur*, and it is a great treat to see them all coming back with their pumped-out horses, bespattered with mud after a sharp run, take their sherry and bitters at the English club, so pleasantly situated at the corner of the Place Royale, and listening to their accounts of their marvellous feats, falls, and accidents of the day. The municipality of Pau, knowing how much it is indebted to the Hunt Committee for the great success of their meetings, has generously subscribed for ten thousand francs (£400) towards the keeping of the hounds. As a relief to the uniformity of the hunting, the Pau Société d'Encouragement (race committee) give every month a day's racing, and this year, through the same well-directed generosity of the Municipality of Pau, who has put at their disposal a sum of 25,000fr. (£1,000), there will be in February (the 5th and 7th) two days racing. In one of them will be run a Hurdle-race (handicap for all horses), with 5,000fr. (£200) added money, and on the second day a Steeple-chase Handicap, also open to all horses, with 10,000fr. (£400) added money, besides minor races of 2,000fr. and 3,000fr. added money, which will be run on our handsome hippodrome, undoubtedly one of the most comfortable in France. The race committee, aided by the municipality, have had recently built a magnificent new stand at the cost of 100,000fr. (£400), given by halves by the committee and the municipality, from the plans of our clever architect, Monsieur Cottet.

The French colony, implanted here before 1850, has shaped the native population to its tastes and habits. Lodgings, although rather expensive, are very comfortably furnished, carpets and large washing utensils being in use everywhere. The love for horses has increased enormously, and Government having located here some very valuable English thorough bred stallions, we may hope before long to see this part of the south of France hold its own for the breeding of thorough breds. I shall mention only in passing a few of the horses put at the disposal of the breeders here or at Tarbes (about twenty-five miles distant only):—Souvenir (sire of Lollypop), Elland (of Pageant fame), Ceylon, Mandrake, Drummond, &c. Cymbal was the season before last at Tarbes. All his stock now on the turf is of Pyrenean breeding, and perhaps some day may come when some of your horse owners will give their orders here. Mr. Gretton might perhaps find another Pageant here. I am afraid of tiring you with my long yarn, but it went so *currente calamo* that I shall not read it over, and let it stand as it is, only wishing that you may find it interesting enough to put before your readers. Should you do so, I shall probably give you a few accounts of our best runs with the P.F.H. this winter.—I beg to remain, yours very sincerely,

A SPORTING FRENCHMAN.

Pau, December, 1878.

TURFIANA.

As we wrote of Kingcraft last year, so must we speak of him at the commencement of another season—as one of the cheapest sires at the stud, and he seems the likeliest of all the sons of King Tom to succeed to the vacant throne of the Harkaway dynasty. A combination of this strain with that of Blacklock through Voltigeur might be regarded as likely to result in the production of a large, coarse, heavy animal; but such is not the case with Kingcraft, in whose composition the Venison blood appears to have leavened the commoner elements, so that few natter stallions are to be found in England. In spite of his little eccentricities, we have liked Kingcraft since the stormy afternoon on which we strode along by his side from the turn of the lands to the top of the town after his Middle Park Plate race. Few thought that his heart had been broken by Frivolity and Sunshine, or that he would blossom into a Derby winner; but if he had retired upon his laurels there and then, instead of tempting Fortune in handicaps, we might have seen him at a hundred guinea fee before this. For Leap Year's sake, however, we consider him very moderately priced at less than a third of that sum, and Melbourne mares may be his *spécialité*, as they are of many other sires, apt to get their stock rather short and cobby. If anything should happen to Wheel of Fortune, Leap Year would be no unworthy substitute, and therefore we would give a friendly hint to those breeders who have not yet mated their mares to put one or two of the right sort down to Lord Falmouth's horse. Skylark, another of King Tom's sons, has joined Queen's Messenger at Heath House paddocks, and, with Silvio in reserve, Lord Falmouth will soon have his own blood to work upon, if he cares to do so; but at present he seems to be trying the cracks all round, and report says that he will send this year to Wild Oats.

The frost will give a lot of horses rest which richly deserve to take things easily, for nowadays no sooner has the flat-racing season been brought to a conclusion than many unfortunate slaves are forthwith put to the jumping business, to resume the drudgery of trying at home or plating abroad as soon as the saddling bell rings at Lincoln. The postponement of the new steeplechase venture at Newmarket will not, we should say, militate against its chances of success, for, if the truth must be told, the entries for the various stakes were hardly so promising as the liberality of the programme deserved, and nothing much beyond local talent was to be expected. The severe weather has perhaps come opportunely to prevent us from seeing the nakedness of the land so far as steeplechasers are concerned, and we shall be curious to note what candidates have been thought worthy of aspiring to the "highest honours of their profession" at other places besides Aintree. As regards the majority of entries which have been published in the Burlington-street broadsheet, we observe there is a palpable falling off from those of last year, albeit we find Sefton's name down for the Gold Cup, wherein Silvio and Janette stand formidably out of rather a mediocre lot, and we shall have the opportunity of judging of Isonomy's form, which his friends triumphantly assert is quite A 1. Cups, however, are terrible levellers of the aspirations of even high-class handicap horses to rank with the best of their year, as we have noted over and over again, and it is only now and then that we see a commoner bearing away the great Ascot prize. Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Acton's nominations are the only "sealed" ones, and in addition to Isonomy we have "that old Pageant," Lord Clive, and Thurio, along with Insulaire and Verneuil; though we hardly expected to find Breadfinder, Master Kildare, Exmouth, and Glengarry in such goodly company.

"Turf nomenclature" seems to be attracting a vast deal of attention just now, the sporting journals teeming with critical essays and suggestions anent a subject which, after all, must be left to the good sense of owners themselves, and is as much a matter of taste and inclination as dress or manners. We are not aware that intrusive objections, even when publicly urged, have been the means of inducing sportsmen to alter the names of their horses, while suggestions for the "great unnamed," however plausible and ingenious, are hardly likely to find favour in the minds of those who prefer to do as they like with their own. Exception might reasonably be taken to the really absurd practice of reproducing and reviving names previously given, for although the suffix of "II." or "III." is theoretically insisted upon, in practice it is found to lead to confusion, and there is no excuse for such dismal and profitless repetition, which argues either a total lack of originality among sponsors, or a feebly superstitious belief in the luck attaching to appellations of previous winners. As to the far-fetched absurdities and out-of-the-way "atrocities" perpetrated in naming, these generally bring their own reward, and though a Catch 'em Alive may occasionally be heralded as the winner of an important race, we do not as a rule find animals rejoicing in this kind of nomenclature among the cracks of their day. Meanwhile the fashion set by the late Lord Glasgow of declining to confer names on any of his horses seems to find favour with many, some being of opinion that a racer should earn his appellation by means of a "winning bracket," while others appear to consider it an effort to name even a Derby horse, un deterred by the failures of the Bribery and Makeshift colts, and unaffected by the winning example of Favonius, who scraped through, as it were, by the skin of his teeth, having only received a name very shortly before the Derby in the "Baron's year."

Various suggestions have been thrown out by Mr. Van Haansbergen and others regarding the establishment of a stake or stakes for the produce of sires belonging to subscribers; and a sort of sliding scale has been proposed, varying with the covering fees demanded for the different sires who might be represented. The scheme seems easy and plausible enough at first sight, but it will hardly bear elaborating in detail, and it appears to us that the ordinary produce stakes now in vogue fulfil almost all the conditions proposed to be embodied in the new venture. It only requires a little pluck on the part of owners of what are called "cheap sires" to enter their produce against that of the great guns, that is to say, if they have any real faith in the excellence of their pets and a conviction of their ability to compete with more fashionable contemporaries. Even if the scheme were carried out on the proposed sliding scale of weights proportionate to covering fees, we do not see what benefit would result from it, for the success of a humble aspirant to stud honours would be considerably discounted by the pull in the weights his offspring would enjoy, while additional glory would accrue to the scion of some fashionable and expensive stallion, if he was lucky enough to pull through in spite of his disadvantage in respect of the weight he was called upon to carry. We are inclined to think that, though cases of neglected merit may here and there be found, on the whole the pretensions of stallions are already pretty accurately gauged through the performances of their stock, and that each finds his proper level after the experience of two or three seasons. The shortest and therefore the cheapest method of testing a sire is to put some really good class mares to him for two or three seasons at starting, and if he failed decisively with these, in nine cases out of ten it will be found that it is not worth while to persevere with him.

Proceeding with our brief notices of the Derby horses, we have this week to treat of Victor Chief, undoubtedly the best free-year-old at Russley, and therefore to be held in consider-

able respect, while his public form must also commend him to all students of that much belied but still most reliable test of the value of horseflesh. From the little we saw of Victor Chief on the Middle Park Plate day, we are inclined to describe him as a rather shelly, backward, unfurnished colt, and in his clothes he gave us the idea of a loose-made leggy animal; when stripped, however, it was abundantly evident that he had plenty to "grow to," if only he could be induced to grow the right way, and we are content to believe that this has been the case from a fairly reliable source of information. He has a good deal of the Marsyas character about him, but is not a heavy shouldered horse, much resembling his sire, though on a larger scale. His dam, Chieftain's Daughter, bred by Mr. Merry just twenty years ago, was a very moderate performer, but being by Lord of the Isles from Sunflower, her pedigree-table leaves nothing to be desired, though Victor Chief is the first foal she has thrown of any account whatever, albeit she has mostly visited sires of high reputation, and has not been unproductive during her stud career. It will thus be seen that Victor Chief's breeding is Touchstone upon Touchstone, Orlando being his paternal great-great-grand sire, and Lord of the Isles, another son of the old Eaton celebrity, his grand sire on the dam's side. Victor Chief impressed us with the idea of training on better than Peter, and he is likely to have more size and power than General Peel's colt, should he continue in his well-doing. It is all in his favour that he has no engagement in the Two Thousand Guineas, as he will be well served by time, and as we said before, he very much impressed us by the style in which he stuck to Peter in the Middle Park Plate, when not very forward in condition nor in the bloom of health himself. Without absolutely pledging ourselves to support Victor Chief at present, we may express a strong predilection in his favour thus early, but reserving our final judgment until the close of this short Derby analysis. SKYLARK.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

FEW persons have been more delighted with the steps taken by an influential portion of the Gloucestershire Cricket Club at their extraordinary meeting last week than myself, and as the matter is one of considerable interest to cricketers all over the country, I append a report of the proceedings in full.

A special general meeting of the members of the Gloucestershire County C.C. was held at the Grand Hotel, Bristol, on Friday, January 10, Mr. J. F. Norris in the chair, for the purpose of considering revisions in the code of rules. Rule 6, as amended, omitted the name of Dr. E. M. Grace, the paid secretary, as an officer of the club, and this revised rule having been proposed by Major Versturme and seconded by Captain Warren, Mr. W. G. Grace moved an amendment that the secretary should be an officer of the club as heretofore, instancing as example the Marylebone Club. This gave rise to a warm discussion, in which the chairman explained that, however painful, the committee felt it their duty to the general body of subscribers to adhere to the revised rule now recommended for adoption. In connection with a match played at the Oval last season the Surrey Club committee declined to pay a sum of £102 10s. sent in to them by the Gloucestershire secretary for expenses for the playing members, umpire, and scorer, on the ground that it was exorbitant, and the majority of the Gloucestershire committee when it came before them also thought it excessive. With regard to the majority of the sums that were passed, the items consisted of £4 10s. each, besides £15 for Mr. W. G. Grace, £11 for Mr. G. F. Grace, £8 for Mr. Gilbert, £10 for Midwinter, £6 for the umpire, £5 for the scorer, and £20 for Dr. E. M. Grace. They reduced the amount to £80, £10 of which was paid. Before the committee met it was known that the subject would be under discussion, and considering that it was a personal question with Dr. Grace as to whether he should or should not receive £20 from the Surrey Club, he refused to accept his vote; and at another meeting when the subject again came up he gave his casting vote against Dr. Grace, as paid secretary, recording his vote. An intimation was then given that unless the secretary were allowed to vote he would resign, that the captain of the club would also resign, and various other resignations were threatened. In some further remarks he said that those who audited the accounts considered that they were made up in such a manner that practically the committee had no control whatever over the payments to playing members of the club; in other words, they felt that the power and influence which had been predominant in the club for so long a time on the part of one family, however distinguished, should to a certain extent be curtailed, and it was with this feeling they were now animated. With regard to the Marylebone Club, it was the undoubted final court of appeal in reference to the game of cricket played in the field, but they denied that it should be taken as a guide in the internal and domestic affairs of their club.

Dr. Grace hereupon indignantly repudiated any charges against himself during the past four or five years. While Mr. Norris had audited the accounts he had adopted his suggestion to secure vouchers for all money, and if they would look at the accounts they would find every item ticked off by the auditors, showing they were vouched for and correct. With regard to the £102 10s., though charged to the Surrey Club, they only paid £80 10s., the Gloucestershire committee out of their own fund paid the rest, bar £2, including his £20. He had expressed his regret that in a moment of excitement he had voted on a personal matter, but there had been a good deal of private feeling, and some of the members of the Surrey Club, when down here, were said to have stated that he (Dr. Grace) and the Gloucestershire men were paid £10 each for the match at the Oval. He would deny this most emphatically.

The chairman read a letter from the secretary of the Surrey committee to the effect that some of the members of the committee had "understood" when the sum of £102 10s. was claimed as the expenses of the Gloucestershire eleven, that Dr. E. M. Grace had stated that the members of the team received £10 each.

Dr. Grace said he, immediately on hearing the false assertion, wrote for the name of the gentleman who had stated this, but he had failed to get it. He reasserted that he had never made the statement, and he pointed out that it must have been the misapprehension of someone who heard him explaining why the amount was £10 before that of former years.

Mr. A. J. Bush gave the name of the member of the Surrey Club who had made the statement. He said that he for one would not play again if such a statement were made when the Gloucestershire amateurs only followed the usual course in having ordinary expenses out or pocket paid in these out matches.

The discussion was continued with much warmth. Mr. F. Townshend observed that the statement that the Gloucestershire team had been paid £10 each for playing was the tattle of the clubs. He and others were determined that they would not rest under the odium, as they only had £4 10s. each, including everything. Other members regretted these dissensions, and thought Dr. Grace's denial and explanation as to someone having misapprehended a remark that had been overheard should be sufficient. Dr. Grace explained the increase in the expenses charged for himself, and said he considered they were previously thoroughly understood by the committee. The latter adhered to the rule, and Mr. W. G. Grace's amendment was carried by 28 to 16, and

the old rule therefore stood, as also the one by which the secretary was allowed to vote. It was also resolved that the committee should appoint a professional accountant to audit the accounts annually. The rest of the rules were carried, but the chief alterations recommended by the committee having been rejected, some prominent members, including Mr. A. J. Bush, Major Versturme, Captain Warren, and the chairman, tendered their resignations, Mr. W. G. Grace expressing his regret, and observing that he meant in future only to ask for his personal expenses. He was afraid if they separated with the feeling with which they entered the room there would be no club to go on with next season. The chairman said doubtless the committee would consider their position, and in whatever future capacity they stood they would doubtless, as heretofore, further the interests of the club, and the meeting was then brought to a close.

Reports from India as to the continual support awarded cricket are as promising as ever. On Dec. 20, at Aroonam, near Madras, the local club opposed the Black Town eleven, when the latter proved victorious by nine runs. At Mooltan, the week previously, a couple of scratch teams, Ugliers versus Handsomes, contested, and the former landed another close game by ten runs. Dec. 14 saw the Calcutta City C.C. and the 54th Regiment in the field, when the military had the advantage in a drawn game, making 138 against 73 for the loss of five wickets; and on the same day the Volunteers at Allahabad played the local club, the result being again a draw, 172 to 76; the latter score for eight wickets obtained by the A.C.C.

From Ceylon we hear that the natives of Negombo were beaten by the Aliens by 43 runs, the respective scores being 65 and 71, against 46 and 47. A week or so back during December, at Kanchie (Central Provinces), the Chota Nagpore C.C. played a draw with the 11th Madras Native Infantry, with Captains Shepherd and Simpson given.

Lord Harris's eleven made a very poor show against Gregory's team at Melbourne, and the latter thus finish their career gloriously. The English opened proceedings with the defence, but were all got out for 113, whilst the Australians were not disposed of until they had obtained 256; Emmett taking seven out of the eleven wickets. Although the visitors did better in their second essay with 160, they could not do more than save a one-innings defeat, as the Colonials got the requisite 18 runs without losing a wicket. Spofforth took six wickets in the first innings of Lord Harris's team, and seven in the second.

Between sixty and seventy members of the London Athletic Club met at the Criterion on Friday evening last to partake of their annual dinner, presided over by Mr. R. Harry Nunn. Of course I have not space to go fully into details as to what was and what was not said; suffice it to state that everything passed off admirably, everyone eulogised everyone else, and that the club, which now numbers 703 members, was in a most satisfactory state "all round."

On the same evening the 36th Middlesex R.V.C. gave their annual assault-of-arms at the Gymnasium, attached to the Paddington Baths, when several well-known performers took part in the proceedings. The boxing seemed the most interesting to the majority of the spectators, I am told; the bouts between Sergt. Mogford and Private Shuters, and J. H. Douglas (middle-weight champion amateur 1865-76-77) and Professor Abe Daultry were received with quite boisterous applause. I was unfortunately unable to accept a kind invitation.

Next week, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the great billiard match, in which Joseph Bennett concedes Tom Taylor 200 points in 3,000, for £200, on a championship table, is to take place at the St. James's Hall. Considering the ex-champion to be the better stayer, I shall plump for him.

Mr. Boyes, of the Lyonsdown Cricket Club, has taken offence at some remarks made by me when discussing the recent impersonation case, and has forwarded a voluminous communication which he wished inserted. The said epistle was forwarded to the editor, and he has remitted it to me, but as Mr. B. has written on both sides of the paper I could not, had I the will, insert it. If Mr. Boyes required any private information from me as to my informant the good taste he insinuates I do not possess might have induced him to have applied direct to EXON.

My remarks were qualified, as the solicitor for the defence, if he takes the trouble to again read the article, will discover, I am pleased to hear from him were unfounded. The high-falutin style in which he concludes his communication would be more suitable to the columns of a comic paper, and in return I can assure him that only regard for fair play has caused me to give him the notice my editor has offered me the option of doing.

Perhaps Mr. Boyes will allow me to return him a little good advice for his offered in the letter, and that is, next time he wishes to rush into print to avoid contradicting and stultifying himself.

William Cook astonished the natives over in Calcutta the other day, when he ran out over and above his thousand points with a fine break of 483, including 40, 10, and 151 spots, this being, I believe, the best on record over there.

That was a rare mess Emmett and Strong made of their race the other day, and I am glad they are matched again.

In memoriam: Rev. G. Watson Smythe, formerly Assistant Master of Cheltenham College, who died at St. Leonard's-on-Sea December 30, 1878, aged 66 years.

Good accounts of the success attending the Clapton Beagles during the past year reach me, and the annual report is as follows, viz., that the club numbered fifty members (thirty-three active and seventeen honorary). A balance-sheet was audited and adopted, with an overplus on the credit side. The following executive was elected for 1879, viz., J. E. Warters, hon. treasurer; H. S. Price-Walters, hon. secretary; Stuart Fletcher, assistant secretary; G. T. Shepherd, captain; George Pescod, vice-captain; Messrs. Benjamin Day, W. L. Amlot, J. F. Knight, E. C. Atkins, E. Ockelford, and H. C. Townshend, form the committee. The list of fixtures, which will shortly be issued, will comprise several events, two of which will be open ones, viz., a seven and a five miles steeplechase.

On Saturday the Finsbury Rifles met at the Finsbury Park Tavern, Green Lanes, for their first open hare and hounds run, but owing to the severity of the weather a six miles road race was substituted. Lieutenant Vince, the vice-president, acted as starter and referee. The following started:—F.R.A.C.: E. Gibbs, H. Gibbs, Broad, Amsden, Morrow, Winch, Dunning. N.L.A.C.: A. Sinclair, Thomas, Sonellie, Veasey. Magdala C.C.: Suffell, Studley. Holborn C.C.: Fearman. The race was run in the excellent time of 35min 45sec, and was won by W. Suffell, Magdala C.C., first; G. A. Dunning, F.R.A.C., second; B. Fearman, Holborn C.C., third; A. Sinclair, N.L.A.C., fourth. The prizes were presented by Lieutenant Vince.

By the bye, if Hare and Hounds hon. secs. do not think it worth the trouble to forward brief paragraphs they will not receive notice in the future from EXON.

"GOLDEN STAR" BAY LEAF WATER, Triple Distilled. Delightfully fragrant and refreshing. The most delicious of all the Toilet Waters.—Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[ADVT.]

FREEDOM FROM COUGH IN TEN MINUTES and CONSUMPTION and ASTHMA in all stages are instantly relieved by Dr. LOCKER'S PULMONIC WATERS, which taste pleasantly, and effect a rapid cure. In Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs they act like a charm. Price 1s. 1d.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC.

WITH the opening of the Carl Rosa Opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre, next Monday week, the London musical season will commence; at the present moment we have only to record the proceedings of musical societies. These have not been without interest, and they afford satisfactory indications of the sound and healthy musical taste which exists in the metropolis.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY on Saturday last gave an extra performance of Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*, and the principal artists, Mmes. Sherrington, Enequist, and Elton, MM. Lloyd, Cummings, Hilton, Bridson, and Santley, resumed the rôles of which they had previously shown themselves to be able interpreters. The principal numbers, especially the celebrated Prayer, produced their customary effect, and the execution of the work, under the able direction of Sir Michael Costa, was in all respects creditable to the society. The performance commenced soon after two o'clock, and the hall was at that hour completely filled.

THE SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS seem likely to become permanently established in public favour, and it is not improbable that at the conclusion of the series of ten concerts originally announced, a further series will be commenced. At the seventh concert of the current series, given at St. James's Hall on Saturday last, the programme was invested with special interest by the inclusion of a selection from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*—the solos by Mmes. Edith Wynne and Osgood, and Mr. McGuckin—the

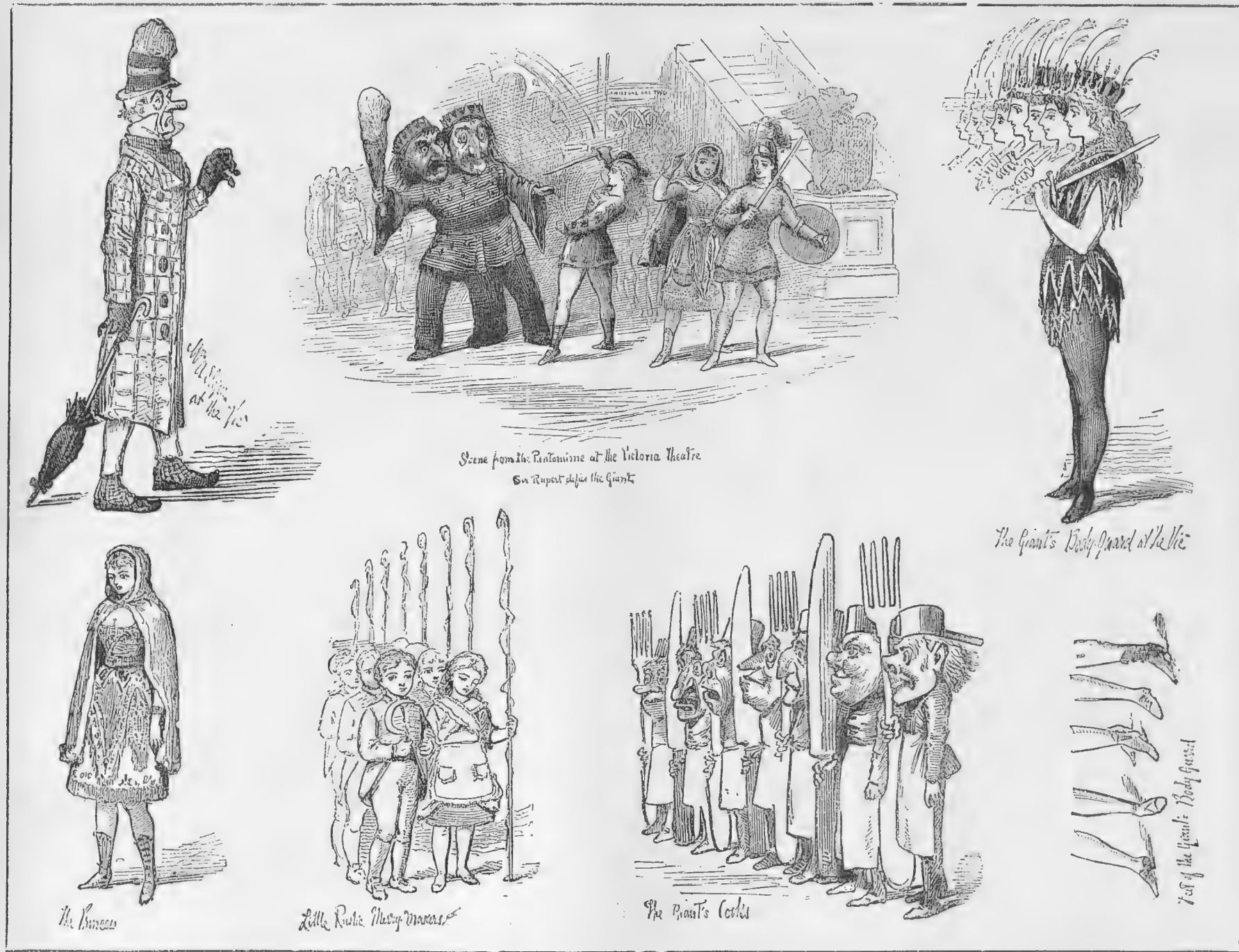
choruses by Mr. J. M. Coward's excellent choir. The miscellaneous selections included a variety of popular songs, sung by the artists above-named and by Miss Helen D'Alton, who gained great applause in Madame Sainton's song, "The Harbour Bay." Madame Frickenhaus contributed well-executed pianoforte solos. Looking at the interest awakened by the production of the selection from Gounod's biblical opera, it may be suggested that the directors of the Saturday Evening Concerts might advantageously cultivate this department of music. If operatic selections were produced every Saturday evening, with the aid of a good chorus and competent solo singers, these concerts would acquire a special character, and would attract a large number of those amateurs who seldom enter a theatre.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS are carried on with unabated vigour, and with no decline from the high standard of taste which they have done so much to create. At the concert given on Monday last the programme included Schubert's delightful quartette in G major, Op. 161, a work which has too seldom been heard. It was admirably played by MM. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, and was received with hearty applause. Beethoven's exquisite and justly popular "Serenade Trio," Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello, and Chopin's Polonaise, for pianoforte and violoncello, were also included in this attractive programme. The pianiste was Mdle. Marie Krebs, who successfully encountered the formidable difficulties of Beethoven's Sonata in E major, Op. 109. She was rewarded with enthusiastic plaudits, and was compelled to play once more, selecting on this occasion the Gavotte from Bach's "Suite Anglaise." The vocalist was

Signor Federici, who sang songs by Gounod and Scarlatti with much success, and was ably accompanied by M. Zerbini.

THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, given on Wednesday evenings at St. James's Hall, are attractive as ever. It is unnecessary to comment on the character of the musical selections provided at these concerts. The programmes present few occasions for criticism, being chiefly composed of well-known popular songs, sung by vocalists of high standing; part songs, sung by Mr. F. Walker's admirable choral union; and pianoforte solos by well-known artists. It is well that a healthy appetite for sterling melody should be kept alive, and this function is excellently fulfilled by the London Ballad Concerts.

THE HACKNEY CHORAL ASSOCIATION is one of the best and most successful of our numerous suburban musical societies. The conductor, Mr. Ebenezer Prout, is not only an accomplished musician and distinguished composer, but a man of rare energy, and has the faculty of imbuing his associates with sympathetic zeal. The choir of the Association has been so well trained by him that they may be relied upon for a faithful and refined interpretation of important works, and the band—reinforced by eminent instrumentalists—is equally capable. The second concert of the season was given on Monday last at the noble Town Hall, Shoreditch, and attracted a very large audience. The choral music was on this occasion of a miscellaneous kind, and included Handel's Chandos Anthem, with additional orchestral parts, ably written by Mr. E. Silas; Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, Sir Julius Benedict's "Hunting Song," and Mr. Eaton Fanning's vigorous and well-written "Song of the Vikings." The chief orchestral piece



CHARACTERS AND SCENES FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND," AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE.

was Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, which was admirably played. The solo vocalists—Miss Marriott, Mr. Boyle, and Mr. King—rendered efficient service, and Mr. Prout conducted with an energy and a conscientiousness worthy of the warmest praise.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY will commence its 67th season on Thursday, February 6th, at St. James's Hall, and the seven remaining concerts of the season will be given on Thursdays, February 20, March 6 and 20, and on Wednesdays, April 30, May 21, June 11, and July 2. Outline programmes of the first four concerts are given in the prospectus, which contains no promise of important orchestral novelties, nor of works by native living composers; indeed, the only English work named is Sterndale Bennett's G minor symphony, which will be performed at the second concert, February 20. It is also worthy of notice that at three out of the first four concerts the soloists, both vocal and instrumental, will be exclusively foreigners. Herr Joachim, who will play at the second and third concerts, will always be welcome, but it may surely be asked whether larger recognition is not due to the claims of English artists? Without the slightest wish to disparage the foreign vocalists who have been engaged for three out of the first four of these concerts, we venture to say that much better singers could be found amongst native artists, and if this be the case we think that the Philharmonic Society does reprehensible injustice to the cause of English art in neglecting to give due encouragement to our fellow-countrymen and women. So far as a rigid adherence to the classic repertory of orchestral music is concerned, the society fulfils the useful functions which formerly devolved on the directors of the "ancient concerts," and does good service in maintaining the worship of true art in its highest forms. It is satisfactory to know that the analytical his-

torical programmes of these concerts will still be written by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, that Mr. W. G. Cousins will retain the post of conductor, and that the duties of secretary will remain in the able hands of the justly popular Mr. Stanley Lucas.

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY announce a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Thursday next. The solo vocalists will be Mdlles. Anna Williams and Poyntz, Mdme Patey, and Mr. W. H. Cummings; organist, Dr. Stainer, and conductor, Mr. Barnby.

THE VIARD-LOUIS CONCERTS will be recommenced at St. James's Hall on Tuesday next, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill, whose fine band of ninety performers will execute several well-known orchestral masterpieces, and also some interesting works new to this country. With the exception of the Crystal Palace Saturday orchestra, we have no band to be compared with the splendid body of instrumentalists engaged for the Viard-Louis concerts, which are eminently worthy of liberal support from real lovers of music.

Signor Randegger, owing to the temporary indisposition of Sir Julius Benedict, was engaged as conductor at the last concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and will also conduct at the concert on Tuesday next, when the symphony by Goetz, recently introduced at a Crystal Palace Saturday Concert, will be the chief feature in the programme.

The grand march from Mr. Wilford Morgan's sacred cantata, *Christian the Pilgrim*, will be one of the attractions at Mr. Kuhe's next Brighton Festival.

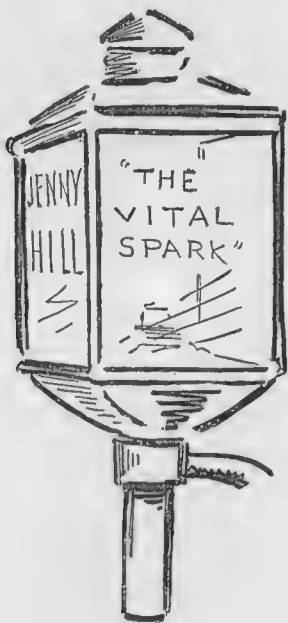
Madame Carlotta Patti recently sang at a concert given in the

Winter Gardens, Southport, and that excellent authority, *The Musical World*, states that "the lady's voice has lost none of its charm, and the finish of the great artist is more marked than ever." Signor Bottesini's playing on the double bass is also highly praised, and it is said of Signor Tito Mattei's execution of a nocturne and a grand waltz, both composed by himself, that his playing was most brilliant, and the applause evoked was so loud and general that he had to yield to an encore—substituting Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home."

The Carl Rosa Opera Company conclude their Dublin engagement to-day, and will return to London on Monday, for the final rehearsals of *Rienzi* and *Carmen*. M. Guiraud's *Piccolino* has proved highly successful, and has drawn the largest houses of the season. The preparations for Herr Wagner's *Rienzi* (to be produced on the opening night of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Jan. 27), are completed, and the *mise-en-scène* will be superb. It is now settled that the representative of Josè, in *Carmen*, is to be Signor Leli, a young Scottish artist, who has a fine tenor voice, and has had some stage experience in Italy. He has latterly been studying with Signor Randegger, by whom the performances of *Carmen* will be conducted. Madame Selina Dolaro (*Carmen*), Signor Leli (*Josè*), and Mr. Walter Bolton (*Escamillo*) have been rehearsing daily for some time past, under the direction of Signor Randegger, and are said to be "letter and note perfect." Madame Selina Dolaro has not only witnessed several performances of *Carmen* in Paris, but has been present on almost every occasion when the opera has been played at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her impersonation of the fascinating and reckless gipsy will be in many respects distinctly original, and can hardly be otherwise than attractive.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I THINK Mr. John Hollingshead is the person chiefly responsible for the thorough establishment of morning performances in metropolitan theatres. And now that he is nurturing the electric light, he will have the felicity of at one time seeing the entire town thrown into a state of happy confusion, in which it will be impossible to discern whether it is day or night, or whether one is about to attend a morning or evening entertainment. The establishment of morning performances must have proved a consider-



able boon to managers and to numbers of actors who by working, as it were, overtime, or taking up "odd jobs," considerably increased their treasury or took the keen edge off the condition of being out of an engagement. It also proves a boon to the suburban and country folk, who find it difficult to visit town in the evening, and in cases where the performance is of a special character, and got up for the occasion, proves altogether satisfactory. But where the performance, commencing at say two o'clock, and concluding at five, has to be repeated at seven or eight o'clock by the same artists, I certainly think it must be detrimental to the art they practise. This is especially possible in the more refined class of productions. Unlike rehearsal, which is study with a certain amount of freedom about



H. M. Clifford's Giant

it, the actor is working before the public, and must of necessity feel fagged and fatigued with a repetition of the work, and undoubtedly the evening's work will suffer in some degree. It is not at all likely that as long as the system pays the manager, and the manager pays the actors, that either will sacrifice much to a feeling of taking care of the art entrusted to them. I would like to see the manager who would say, "I can make an extra treasury to-day by giving a morning performance, but, lest it should prove detrimental to the evening's entertainment, I will refrain from doing so;" or, again, I would like to see the actor who, in reply to the request of a manager to appear in the afternoon as well as the evening each Saturday on such-and-such terms, would,

with a graceful bow of refusal, say, "Sir, I would be only too happy to oblige you, but I fear that by a repetition of my performance, which is an exhausting one, I should imperil the artistic character of the evening's programme." He would be a model youth. There are fine old stories of how fine old artists of various kinds in the fine old time used to care for art for art's sake, and treat it kindly as a son should a mother, but I suppose

Mdlle. Enea.
The Vamp-wire-jumpist

they are all fiction, and about as true as such tales would be told of this, our little period, if it should ever be spoken of in a remote future. In matters of pantomime it is almost an absolute necessity that morning performances should exist, otherwise how would the many little ones, for whom these Christmas merry-makings are more especially provided, manage to see them? Take the little Turniptops who live two hours' journey from town. They could not possibly have that most wonderful day of all the wonderful days about this time if the curtain at the theatre—selected with so much anxious consideration and discussion—did not rise at two and fall at five o'clock. Perhaps in a romp of the pantomime kind an actor's "art" does not suffer much unless he break his neck, or leg, or something; and it does not count in the category of production



H. M. Elton as Tremoloso

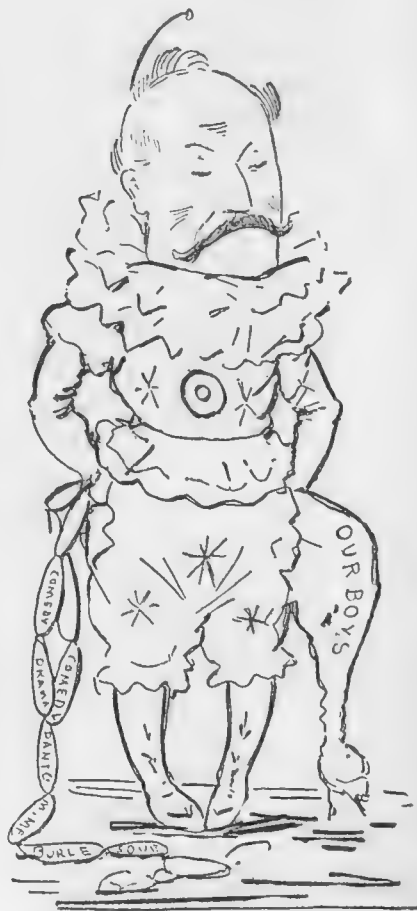
that ought to be treated with care. At the Gaiety Mr. H. J. Byron's "old-fashioned Christmas pantomime" has given a good deal of amusement to numbers of old and young children. It is a remnant of the famous "Jack the Giant Killer" pantomime, written by the same author for the Princess's as far back as 1859. There is a sprightly Jack and a wonderful Giant, and a most comical serving-man known as Tremoloso, to say nothing of pretty lads and lasses. Jack is played by Miss Jenny Hill,

erstwhile of music-hall fame, and known by the descriptive title of the The Vital Spark. I was not a little amused, by the way, to see a brougham of a very neat pattern, on the lamps of which was a legend of which I give a rough impression in a sketch. This advertising lamp must be very effective at night, when the words would shine out like the legend that Pluto traces on the cottage-door in *Orphée aux Enfers*. Miss Jenny Hill has all the manners of a music-hall singer, but not of the more vulgar kind. I refer to the manner of looking off the stage at each side, and coming over the footlights to get well into the confidence of the audience, amongst whom she must surely miss the marvellous garb, and still more marvellous tobacco, of the satellites of the chairman, the bald spot of whose head she must have exceeding difficulty in doing without. Mr. H. M. Clifford's giant is a wonderful piece of work, and quite worthy of Mr. Conquest; but, like all these things, it is of ridicu-



Jack

lous proportions in the limbs. Mr. Elton is the chief entertainment of the opening part of the performance, and, as Tremoloso, almost keeps the pantomime from being slow. After a transformation scene, representing the "Golden Gates of Progress," which is, of course, another leg up for the electric light—the chief attraction is arrived at, namely, the appearance of Mdlle. Enea, who, as a sort of vampire, springs to the top of the stage, descending again with a light flying swoop—this would be very effective were it not that occasionally the swoop stops with a jerk in the middle, as though the gentleman who works the wires



above had stopped to light his pipe. The lady's performance is, upon the whole, very novel and charming. Pretty little Miss C. Gilchrist—who was so naïve and charming some two years back in childish parts, but who has developed a wonderful woman of the world expression now that suggests late hours and unchildish viands at midnight (when she ought to be in bed and dreaming healthily of the fat-faced boy with the splendid white collar and Eton hat)—still gives her graceful skipping-rope dance. May she long be pretty and graceful enough to delight the audiences with it.

THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

AMATEURS AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

ON the evenings of Thursday and Friday last Mr. Henry Cramp gave his annual amateur dramatic entertainments in aid of the Tunbridge Wells Infirmary. A long and fashionable list of patrons headed the programme, and many of these with their families attended. The three-act comedy of *Our Pet* was played first, the scenes, respectively representing "a garden," "a drawing-room," and "a cottage," being very carefully put upon the stage. The heroine, Amy Raye, was naturally portrayed by Miss Marie Montgomery, while the part of Arthur Chaloner, her lover, was played in an effective manner by Mr. Henry Cramp. Miss Stewart as the warm-hearted, though slightly eccentric, Miss Fossil, acted cleverly. Her nephew, Willie Burton, was well played by Mr. J. Cramp, as were the parts of Mr. Raye and the villain of the piece by Mr. J. Pace and Mr. Godfrey. Winifred found an intelligent representative in Miss Payne, her scenes with the old gardener causing much amusement. The Joe Cutbush of Mr. Dixon was one of the best rendered parts in the piece, his quaint sayings and eccentric doings causing much laughter. Mr. N. Strange gave useful assistance as the detective. Between the comedy and the farce Mrs. George Gates, a lady possessing an excellent soprano voice, sang, "Should he upbraid," and being encored, substituted "She Wore a Wreath of Roses." The farce of *A Regular Fix* was then commenced, a piece so well known that to give each individual character is unnecessary. The character of Hugh de Brass was brightly taken by Mr. Henry Cramp. Between the pieces Mr. Morgan introduced and performed upon the remarkable "orchestrophone."

On Saturday afternoon the Thames Rowing Club gave a performance at the Folly Theatre of *London Assurance* and *To Parents and Guardians*. In the former piece Mr. G. A. Tozer gave a commendable performance of Sir Harcourt Courtly, though he looked hardly old enough, and the Charles Courtly (Mr. A. G. Sampson) was also unusually good. Mr. T. Knox Holmes, though hardly letter-perfect, made a very droll Meddle, and Mr. C. W. Courtney a capital Cool. In the afterpiece, Mr. J. W. Hughes (the Tourbillon) showed no small ability as the broken-down Frenchman; and the amateurs were throughout excellently supported by the Misses Addison, Miss Carlyon, and Miss Pattie Bell.

On the 9th instant, the Mirror Dramatic Club gave its first performance at St. George's Hall, playing *War to the Knife* and *Woodcock's Little Game*. In the opening piece Nubbley was very funnily played by Mr. Harding Cox, who was well supported by Messrs. Vavasour, Sandford, R. C. Perkins, &c.; but the most striking feature of the piece was the really admirable delivery by Mrs. Vavasour Sandford (the "Mrs. Delacour") of a rhymed epilogue, appealing for contributions to the Children's Hospital. In

Woodcock's Little Game, Miss Agnes Sullivan carried all before her; the Woodcock Mr. Alfred Capper) was fair, the David (Mr. P. B. Greet) good, and the Swansdown (Mr. E. Thimm) still better.

BLACKHEATH HARRIERS.

TWELVE gentlemen turned up at the club's headquarters, the Green Man Hotel, Blackheath, last Saturday, viz., D. T. Mayson, W. Rowland, S. A. Bennett, F. L. Firminger, W. M. Colson, W. J. Eeles, E. O. Jones, H. Stafford, and F. W. Firminger (members), G. F. Harris and A. J. Fowden (S.L.H.), and H. Gordon (unattached). The hares, Rowland and Mayson, left at 4.10 p.m., and returned at five o'clock, after a run of about six miles. The pack started at 4.25 p.m., and finished at 5.15 in the following order:—W. M. Colson and G. F. Harris dead-heat for first place, Jones and Fowden (*dead heat*) second, Stafford and Bennett close up. About fifty gentlemen were present after the run at a capital comic character sketch, entitled *Wanted, a Genius*, which was given by two amateurs, Messrs. Astey and Hall. The production is from the pen of Mr. Hall, and afforded Mr. Astey an opportunity of appearing in the four different characters—Temperley Toffie, Esq., Gaffer Jakes (a rustic), Grandfather Jakes, and a Mad Genius. The acting of Mr. Astey in all these diverse characters was capital. Mr. Hall's representation of Candied Peel, Esq., was very good, and the performance passed off without a hitch. After the performance the usual musical evening was passed, Mr. Lewis playing the pianoforte accompaniments. On Monday evening the annual general meeting took place, when the following officials were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary secretary, D. T. Mayson; committee—W. J. Eeles, F. W. Firminger, W. Rowland, and A. Powles; handicapper, H. D. Thomas. The next run will take place on the 25th inst. Strangers will be made welcome.

MANCHESTER ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual dinner of the above association was held at the Clarence Hotel, Piccadilly, Manchester, on Tuesday evening last. The object of the association is to further such measures as may tend to promote the practice of angling and the breeding and preservation of fish, and to afford the members opportunities of meeting together in a social manner for the exchange of ideas and experiences. Colonel Mawson, the president, occupied the chair, the vice-presidents being Mr. E. G. Simpson and the Rev. W. White, and amongst the guests of the evening were Alderman Heywood (ex-Mayor), Alderman Grave (chairman, Waterworks Committee), Captain Palin (chief constable), Professor Williamson (Natural History, Owen's College), Messrs. George Milner (Manchester Literary Society), J. H. Nodal (editor, *City News*), Arthur Poole (ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS), James Eaton, G. Beaumont, and H. Woolley. After the cloth had been removed and the usual loyal toasts had been duly honoured, Mr. D. Reid, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Manchester Anglers' Association," delivered a very effective speech, in the course of which

he contended that his brethren in the piscatorial art had a higher and purer motive than the mere ensnaring of fish. In replying to the toast of "The Guests," Professor Williamson was at the same time eloquent, instructive, and amusing, whilst Mr. Milner graphically depicted the sad consequences that may follow a too early indulgence in that fascinating pursuit yeapt catching jacksharps. The proposer of "The Press" paid a graceful compliment to the *City News* and THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS for the very able articles on angling that have appeared on various occasions in these papers. Mr. Nodal and Mr. Poole respectively responded to the toast. In the course of the evening a number of songs and recitations were given by Messrs. E. G. Simpson, John Currie, and Arthur Poole, but to Mr. A. Heywood, jun., the energetic honorary secretary, is mainly due the complete success of the inaugural dinner of the Manchester Anglers' Association.

SEVERAL horses, belonging to Mr. W. R. Beaumont, were out at exercise at Melton Mowbray on Wednesday, when one of them bolted, and, taking a terrible leap at the bridge crossing the canal, fell with its rider a distance of thirty feet into the water. The horse broke the ice and disappeared. The horse was drowned, and the groom lies unconscious at Melton.

ACCIDENT TO THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.—The Pytchley hounds met at Creek on Wednesday morning, and while running their fox across the line at the Rugby end of Kilsby tunnel the 10.30 a.m. train emerged from the tunnel and dashed through the pack. Two hounds were killed, and several injured.

GALLANT LIFEBOAT SERVICES.—During the violent gale experienced on our coasts in the early part of this week the Lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution performed, as usual, good service. The "City of Dublin" lifeboat stationed at Courtmacsherry, County Cork, was enabled to save the crew of the barque "General Caulfield," which was wrecked on the Bar at that place. The Ballywalter Lifeboat helped to save the crew and passengers from the ship "Lough Sunart" bound from Glasgow to Melbourne, which was lost on the Skullmartin rocks, County Down. The Kessingland Lifeboat was instrumental, with great difficulty, in saving the crew of 10 men from the barque "Cleopas," ashore on the Scorby Sands. The Jewish Scholars Lifeboat, at Newhaven, was also the means of rescuing the crew of 7 men of the brigantine "True" of Faversham, stranded at Porto Bello, about 4 miles west of Newhaven. The heavy seas were breaking over the ship at the time.

STUD NEWS.

MOORLANDS STUD FARM, York.—On January 8th, Mr. G. S. Thompson's Jung Frau, by Flying Dutchman, a bay colt by Speculum; to whom has arrived, in addition to Sefton's dam, Mr. Harrison's Bathilde, by Stockwell (dam of Tomahawk and Zanoni), in foal to Rosicrucian, and his Etruria, by Phlegon (dam of Flying Childers), in foal to Lord Lyon.

BEENHAM HOUSE STUD FARM, near Reading.—Foaled, on January 10th, a bay colt by Adventurer, out of Atoneant.

THE STUD COMPANY (LIMITED), Cobham, Surrey.—January 13th, the Stud Company's Fricandean, a colt by Carnival, will be put to Cremorne. Arrived to Blue Gown: January 13th, Mr. W. Cartwright's m by Lord Cliden—Princess of Wales, in foal to Blue Gown. Arrived to George Frederick: January 13th, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's Stockwater, in foal to Cathedral.

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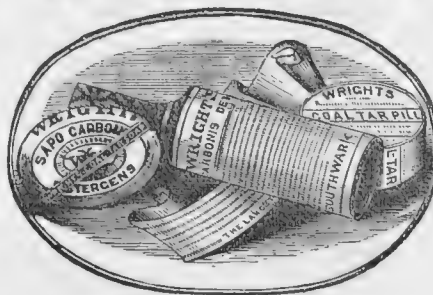
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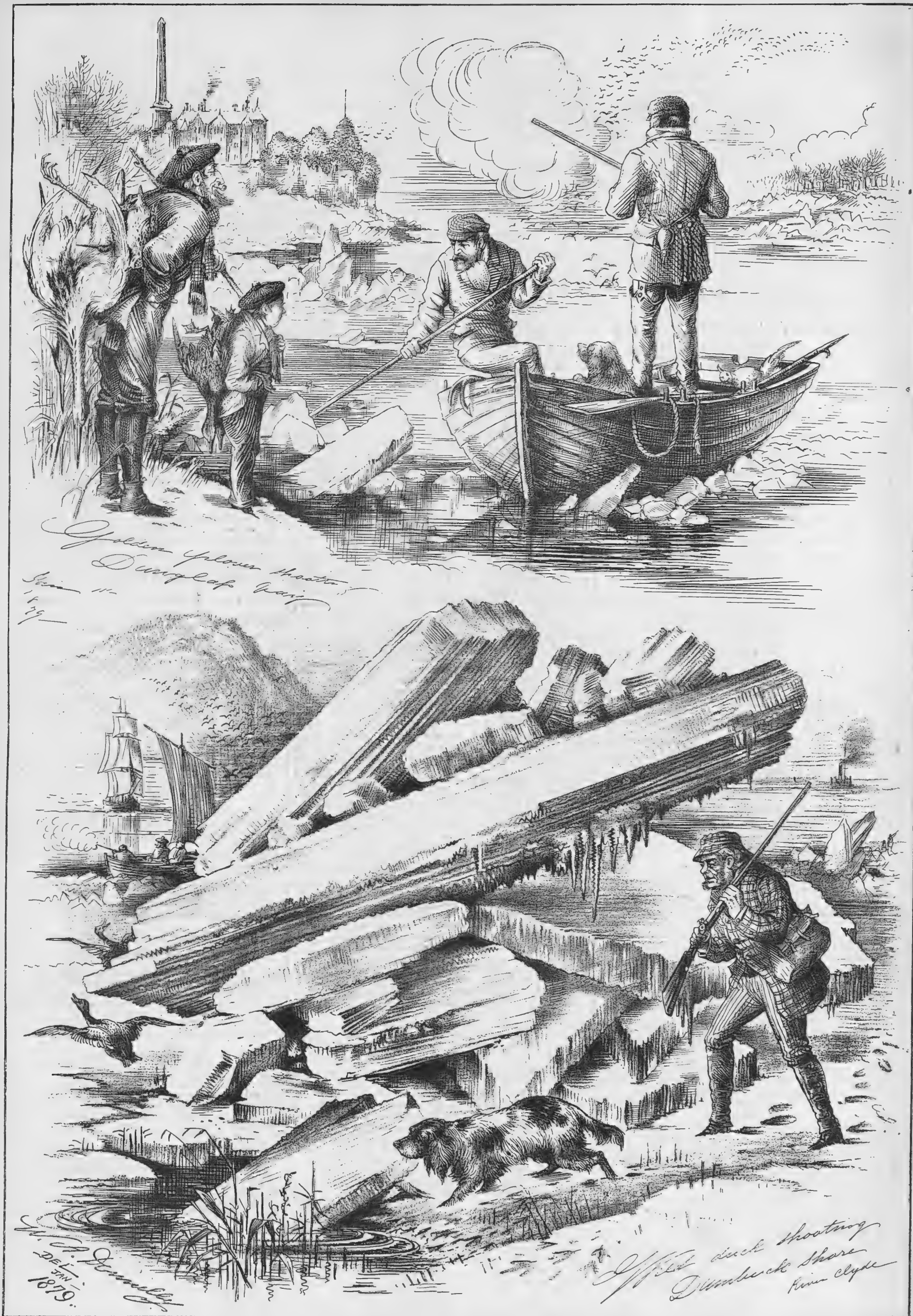
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WINTER IN THE NORTH.—WILD FOWL SHOOTING.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

VINCENT, E. G.—Samuel Lover tried the stage in his earlier days, and made his first appearance in his own drama of *Rory O'More*. It is on record that when he made his first entry through the cottage door, he tripped and fell flat upon his face, recovered, and on making his exit did precisely the same thing in the same place.

CATO.—Such things were common then, and at a much earlier period. Here, for instance, is an extract from the church books of Tewkesbury, A.D. 1578, "Paid for the players geers, six sheep skins for Christ garments." And in an inventory, recorded in the same book, 1585, are these words: "And order eight heads of hair for the apostles, and ten beards, and a face or visor for the devil." L.

M. B.—The father of Mr. R. Jones was a Mr. Richard Jones, a builder and surveyor, who resided in Queen-street, Salford, Manchester. Mr. R. Jones commenced his theatrical career at the Birmingham Theatre when sixteen years of age, under the management of the elder Macready. His earliest successes were made in Dublin.

AUSTRALASIAN.—Mrs. Keeley is still living. She was born at Ipswich in 1806, made her theatrical debut in 1825, and took her farewell benefit in, if we remember rightly, 1859. She played for Mrs. Alfred Mellon's (Miss Woolgar's) benefit at Drury Lane Theatre, in the May of last year.

DANIEL E. FOX.—Mr. Frederick Marshall played the dwarf "Mousta," in Mr. Gilbert's *Broken Hearts*, and was very successful.

W. L.—The father of Mr. Robert Soutar was not a sawyer but a journalist.

G. M. A.—Mr. Alfred Wigan's farce *A Dead Take-in*, was produced in 1850 at the Olympic Theatre.

Z.—Doubtless Molière did so intentionally. It is said that he asked his friend Boileau to supply names from the Greek, to indicate the physicians whom it was his delight to satirise. These were Messieurs Fougereais, Esprit, Gueanant, and d'Aquin, who constantly figure in his play as Defonandres Bahis, Macraton, and Tomes, and when the play in which they figured was first produced before the King the players wore masks made to resemble the faces of the physicians in question.

JEWELL.—A company of children were acting plays in 1806, in Leicester Place, under the title of the "Academical Theatre of the United English and German Juvenile Companies," and this may have been the company to which she belonged. We can trace no other company of the kind in London at that date.

MUSICAL.

PUZZLED.—"Pencerdd" means, in Welsh, the chief or a chief musician. Thus, Mr. John Thomas, the well-known harp-player is dignified by the title of "Pencerdd Gwallia," chief musician of Wales. "Pencerddes" is not the plural of "Pencerdd," but the feminine, and Miss Edith Wynne was made a "Pencerddes" long ago, besides being "Eos Cymru," the British Swan. We cannot tell you where to obtain a Welsh dictionary. You might successfully apply to W. Jarrett Roberts, Esq., "Pencerdd Eifion," Carnarvon.

KEYS.—Stephen Heller is still alive, and resides in Paris.

B. S. R.—Madame Katti Lanner is a daughter of the famous dance composer, Joseph Lanner, who died in 1842.

IOIA.—We cannot give an opinion as to the value of the "voice lozenge" in question. You had better abstain from using anything of the kind. When your voice is out of order, and particularly when you have a cold, refrain altogether from singing. Whatever tends to improve the general health will benefit the voice. Fresh air, exercise, temperance, early hours, and good temper are of inestimable value to vocalists. If you practise much, you may find it useful to gargle the throat night and morning with clear water, in which a very little alum or salt has been dissolved.

MAX.—We know nothing at present of the "Knabi" pianoforte. The English agents are Messrs. Metzler and Co., Great Marlborough-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. BAKER.—Jeannie Deans, the heroine in Sir Walter Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," was not a mere fictitious character, but a portrait carefully drawn from nature. Her prototype was a pious, hard-working, peasant girl, named Helen Walker, of the parish of Irongray, near Dumfries, whose younger sister Isabella—better known as Tibby—was an amiable, industrious girl, with the one not very serious fault of being far too proud of her beauty. This, however, gave offence to, and was bitterly resented by, her neighbours, who set abroad a rumour that she had been seduced by a wild young fellow named Waugh. When a dead newly-born baby was discovered in the Cairn or Clouden, the neighbours' remarks caused her to be arrested on the charge of its murder, and shut up in an open, grated cell in the old jail of Dumfries, known as "the thief's hole." She stoutly denied the crime, and her sister was urged to save her life by swearing falsely. Despite the agony she endured, Helen could not do this. Her sister was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed at the termination of the usual six weeks, within which time Helen walked to London, where she saw the Duke of Argyll, and through his influence obtained poor Tibby's pardon. Helen, who lived for many years afterwards, the sole support of her widowed mother, died universally respected and beloved, when nearly eighty years old, in the December of 1791. She was described by one who knew her, as a very quiet, amiable, industrious, patient creature, of a most affectionate and self-denying nature, who frequently drank water and ate bread that her poor old widowed mother might not want her usual fare. Tibby married Waugh, and went with him into England, where they afterwards resided, a very affectionate and happy couple, for nearly fifty years.

A. B.—Eugene Aram was usher at the Grammar School of Lynn, in Norfolk, where he was noted as a sullen, reserved man of a cheerful, solitude-loving disposition, but otherwise of a strictly good character. BORDERER.—The ancient emblem of Scotland (the thistle) is traditionally said to have originated in the following way. When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was understood to be unsoldierlike to attack an enemy in the darkness at night. But the barbarous bare-footed invaders, recognising nothing as unfair in war, marched stealthily upon the unsuspecting Scots in the pitchy darkness of a winter night, and would have taken them by surprise, had not one stepped upon a thistle and uttered a cry, which gave the alarm to a sentinel, whose signal warned the Scots and enabled them to arm and defeat the foe with terrible slaughter. S. L.—We have not Mr. Grettton's address. OCTOORON wants to know where he can procure an old-fashioned earthenware beer mug with a china frog at the bottom. JOHN T. MCR.—Duly received, and promptly forwarded.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

BETTING AND BETTORS.

WHILE speculation languishes, and is likely to remain dormant for some considerable period, judging from the utter inanition at resorts where its professors do mostly congregate, it may be a good opportunity to revert to the consideration of the subject which forms the heading of our present article, and especially of that aspect of it which presents such a difficult problem for solution, namely, the best means of controlling and regulating operations between layers and backers. It must be confessed that at present these are far from satisfactory, not so much as regards their practicability, but considered in relation to their safety; for the merest tyro will admit that the difficulty now is, not how to get the money on, but in what quarter to invest it with a reasonable chance of obtaining payment should the speculation turn out successful. It will, we presume, be conceded that, as matters at present stand, the inexperienced run great risks of failing to realise their lawful gains, even though resort is had to individuals of apparent respectability in enclosures professedly reserved by racing caterers for safe and good men, and presumably to the exclusion of the welshing fraternity. Latterly things have gone from bad to worse, and even those who usually regard racing and its adjuncts through the most rose-coloured spectacles, have been forced to the conclusion, in many cases publicly expressed, that the scandal has now reached such a pitch that immediate action must be taken, if only for the credit of the sport from which betting is said to be inseparable. That a thorough reform should take place of course concerns backers and bookmakers alike, but in a far greater degree the members of the Ring themselves, albeit at present they do not seem to be aware of the importance to them of some radical change taking place in the constitution of the body of which they boast to be respectable members. Secure in the consciousness of their own probity and fair dealing, the leading men of the bookmaking fraternity do not appear to recognise the necessity of putting their house in order, nor to perceive that reform must come either from within (by far the best and wisest course) or that it must be forced upon them from without, and that by persons not for the most part prejudiced in their favour, and ignorant of all that pertains to the department of betting on horse races. It may be all very well for long-tried members of Tattersall's and other respectable clubs to wrap themselves up in their virtue and to look down with contempt upon the welsher and his ways, but are they fully aware how the latter has edged himself into the company of honest men, and to what an extent the reputation of the latter has suffered and continues to suffer by reason of the contamination of individuals with no character at all? And yet they seem to take no thought for anything beyond their own immediate business, nor to care with whom they rub shoulders in reserved lawns and so-called Tattersall's inclosures, although they have only to open their eyes and to see around them in all their repulsive hideousness robbers and outlaws of the vilest character, oftentimes trading on their own good names, and shamelessly carrying on their nefarious schemes under the very noses of those most concerned to rid themselves of such disreputable associations. And yet we hear of no remonstrances made with clerks of courses and managers, no efforts to have offending parties removed; and so the crows and storks feed peacefully together regardless of the doom which must one day involve both in indiscriminate slaughter, when the nuisance can be borne no longer, and the Legislature steps in to abolish a great public scandal which has been tolerated in the vain hope of the evil reforming itself.

Solvent and respectable members of the speculative community can be little aware of the reproach attaching to them by reason of the conduct of rogues and vagabonds who occupy the same stands and rings with them, and who are regarded by the outside public as their friends and associates. It is all very well for regular racegoers, who can distinguish between the real and counterfeit coin, to ignore the presence of pariahs and outcasts in the various "receipts of custom," but security is also demanded by casuals and occasional visitors to the racecourse, and at present there is no ear-mark by which they can distinguish the solvent and respectable bookmaker from the welshing blackguard who stands at his elbow. The term "select," as applied to rings and enclosures, is a mere misnomer; indeed, we often find the very worst characters taking refuge in these resorts, where such a fine field is open to their shameless effrontery. Scoundrels of this type, owing to their increasing numbers and audacity, in process of time come to be identified in the public mind with those whom they desire to personate, and thus racing gets a worse name year by year, and then its apologists feign astonishment at the unmerited odium cast upon their favourite sport. This attaches to its followers merely because they decline to help themselves, and are content to stand by with folded arms while Goths and Vandals intrude upon a once inviolate privacy, gradually so leavening the whole mass that their own good name and good repute avail

them nothing, overwhelmed by the evil odour pervading the assemblage in general, and hopelessly crushed under the weight of shame and reproof. We do not insinuate for a moment that the good and safe men have ever courted companionship with the counterfeit presentments let loose among them through the rapacity or carelessness of highly culpable officials; but what we do insist is that they should have resented the intrusion more vigorously, and not have been content to see their reputations blasted by associations most unwarrantably thrust upon them. It would be useless to demonstrate these wrongs and grievances without suggesting a remedy, and accordingly we appeal to the leading bookmakers, with good name and fame at stake, to form themselves into a sort of mutual defence association, holding aloof entirely from questionable companions, and not permitting such to be forced upon them by those in authority at race meetings, whether managers or officials. A little tact, a little organisation, and a modicum of patience is all that will be required, and the exercisers of these qualities may reckon upon the hearty co-operation of the public, who will back them with spirit in their endeavours to free themselves from the incubus which oppressed them, and to turn the current of speculation into a channel comparatively free from the shoals and quicksands which up to the present time have impeded navigation in those troubled waters. Of one thing we may be sure, namely, that unless "leviathans" take the matter in hand themselves, there is danger of police or other undesirable interference at no very distant date, seeing that Government is never likely to trouble itself with the idea of legalising, and consequently of controlling, Turf speculation, and seeing that the Jockey Club sedulously holds aloof, taking its stand upon the fixed principle of non-interference with betting. The scheme, of which we have sketched a faint outline, is neither unreasonable nor Utopian, and only involves a little trouble at starting; and the present seems a fitting season to ventilate it, though we are by no means confident in our powers of rousing the individuals most interested in its fulfilment from the lethargy into which they have fallen.

AN OLD HORSE AND AN OLD LOVE.

AND so the good old horse is dead? Yes, John, bring up a bottle,
For I've a husky feeling here—the fog, eh?—in my throttle.
He die 'l, you say, quite suddenly, while standing in his leather?
Well, I shan't soon forget the fun and sport we've had together.

No kind of country puzzled him—all fences he got over—
But in a stone-wall district that old horse was aye in clover;
Old Ireland's blood was in his veins to make him quick and clever,
As I found that day at the Grove*—that day I'll think on ever.

The day I first met her—whom after that I met too often—
She's gone! and now my horse—enough to make a hard man soften,—
Dim would her dear dark eye have been when she heard that Professor
Would never meet the hounds again;—she loved him well, God bless her!

She pounded us that day—her mare was better-bred and faster—
I see her smile now at the fence where I met my disaster,
And hear her voice ring out, "Indeed, it was a nasty drop, sir;
But as you're down—oh! will you kindly just pick up my crop, sir?"

Too soon the day came when I rode with half-a-score of others,
All members of our hunt, and bound by kindred grief as brothers,
To follow Kathleen to the grave—By Jove, I'm really husky!
And what's the matter with the lights?—the room has grown so dusky.

I'm boring you, old friend, with this romance of the affections,
But that old horse's death has waked some tender recollections.
A long ride home through darkling lanes, a "Yes" more breathed than uttered:
And then—an illness short and sharp—a house closed up and shuttered.

But life's too short for memories. Come, John, fill up the glasses,
For wine's your true elixir, John, whereby all sorrow passes;
And as we watch the silver beads that scintillate and bubble,
We may forget a little while that "man is born to trouble."

C. C. R.

* Bradwell Grove in the Heythrop Country.

THE French Government has conferred the Legion of Honour on Mr. Martin J. Sutton, managing partner of the firm of Sutton and Sons, Reading, as a special recognition of the merits of the exhibits of that firm at the Paris Exhibition, and of the services thereby rendered to horticulture and agriculture.

MDLLE. CHIOMI has accepted, through her agent, Herr Strakosch, an important engagement at the Opera House in Brussels.

AN important scheme for a new dictionary of English Dramatic Literature, as exhaustive as Mr. Collier's, but more critical, seems to be coming to maturity. It is to be edited by Mr. Theodore Watts. The great names are to be made the subjects of long and elaborate notices; but the work is to be so complete as to serve also as a book of reference. Several writers who have devoted themselves to English dramatic literature, including Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Gosse, Mr. J. Knight, Professor J. Nichol, and others, are likely to contribute articles.

RHEUMATISM promptly relieved and cured by a few applications of "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. per bottle.—[ADVT.]

COLD WEATHER, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, WANT OF EXERCISE, &c., frequently produces BILIOUSNESS, or SICK-HEADACHE, &c. A Gentleman writes:—"I have used ENO'S Fruit Salt for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that ENO'S Fruit Salt is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its use many kinds of food will agree which otherwise would produce wretchedness." Price 2s. 9d. Sold by all Chemists.—[ADVT.]

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADVT.]

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT, in its vast superiority to gas and all other forms of artificial light, is an apt illustration of the position which GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY maintains in comparison with all other Liqueurs, in its perfection of rich fruity flavour, which is effectively brought out when consumed with hot water. Enquire for it at all Bars, Restaurants, and Wine Stores. Manufacturer, Thomas Grant, Distillery, Maidstone.—[ADVT.]

LOVE'S VICTORY.

A DRAMATIC STORY

Adapted expressly for this paper.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Gabrielle saw how the young officer was overcome by the mention of the name, Zita Denman, she felt her blood turn to ice in her veins. She knew very well that a man like Paul was not likely to be so utterly overwhelmed unless there was something terribly wrong.

"Do you know the woman, Paul?"

"I have heard people speak of her . . . but nothing—a long time ago."

He was ridiculous in his inability to tell a fib. She interrupted him, and said reproachfully,—

"Do you think I am not strong enough to hear the truth?"

At last he said,—

"Gabrielle, you must give me time before I tell you more. I know nothing positive, but I will tell you all when I am better informed. To-night, if I can find Eugène Noriac."

"And if your suspicions turn out to be well-founded, what must I do?"

Without a moment's hesitation he rose, and said in a solemn voice,—

"I am not going to tell you again how I love you, Gabrielle—I am not going to tell you that to lose you would be death to me; nevertheless, if what I fear prove to be true, even if we have to part for ever, we must try our utmost to prevent a marriage between Count Saint-Roch and Zita Denman."

In spite of her suffering, Gabrielle's heart swelled with pride at such a proof of love and honour. She offered him her hand, and with eyes beaming tenderness, she said,—

"And I swear, by the sacred memory of my mother, that I will never belong to anyone but you!"

Paul seized her hand, and held it pressed to his lips. At last, when rapture gave way to calmer thoughts, he said,—

"I must leave you at once, Gabrielle, if I want to catch Eugène."

His head was in a whirl, his thoughts in a maze. Life and happiness were at stake, and a single word would seal his fate beyond his own control. Hailing a cab, he jumped in, calling to the driver,—

"Quick! 16, Rue Coquin!"

Eugène Noriac was a handsome man of thirty. Mixing intimately with the men who form what is called high life, he was extremely popular, and neither slander nor calumny had ever attacked his reputation. He affected the most extreme frankness, told the whole world that the Noriacs came originally from Normandy, and that he was the last of an old family; that there was but a slender remnant left him of his ancestors' splendour—but he never said what this remnant amounted to. His most intimate friends could not tell whether he had five thousand or fifty thousand francs a year. His rooms were simple, he kept but one servant, and his carriage he hired by the month.

Paul had been introduced to Noriac at a ball; they had walked home together, and Paul had been attracted by Noriac's manner, and especially by the cool stoicism with which he spoke of his poverty. They had met again and again, and had become intimate. Noriac was just dressing for the opera when Paul entered his room.

"What!" he cried, "the hermit student in this worldly region, and at this hour!" Then suddenly noticing Paul's troubled looks, he added,—

"But what am I talking about? You look upset. What's the matter?"

"A great misfortune, I fear," replied the other.

"Sit down, then, and tell me all."

Paul had been so overcome by the fear that he might possibly lose Gabrielle that he had rushed to his friend without considering what he was going to say. Now the thought had just occurred to him that Count Saint-Roch's secret was not his own. He did not reply, but walked up and down, racking his brain as to how he could obtain the information he required without revealing what had been confided to him. Stopping suddenly, he said,—

"First, Eugène, swear you will never say to a human being a word of what I am going to tell you."

Thoroughly mystified, Noriac raised his hand and said, "I pledge my word of honour."

This promise seemed to assure Paul, and he continued,—

"Some months ago, *mon cher*, I heard you telling some one a horrible story about a certain Zita Denman. Now, Eugène, I conjure you, by our friendship, tell me what kind of a woman is she?"

His features as well as his voice betrayed such extreme excitement that Noriac was astonished. At last he said,—

"My dear fellow, you ask me that in an odd way—"

"I must know the truth, I tell you; it is life or death to me!"

Noriac, struck by a sudden thought, exclaimed,—

"Oh, I see! You are in love with Zita!"

Paul would never have thought of such a subterfuge, but seeing it thus offered to him, he availed himself of the opportunity.

"Well, suppose I am!" he said with a sigh.

Eugène shook his head.

"In that case you are right. You ought to inquire."

"Explain, Eugène! I live so quietly. I know nothing!"

Noriac, looking graver than he ever had done, rose and replied,—

"What would you have me say? It is only fools who warn lovers. Are you really in love with Miss Denman, or not? If you are, nothing I could say would change your mind. Passion does not reason; in that lies its strength."

"One word, I beg of you," entreated Paul. "Suppose I yield to passion and lose my free will: what will become of me?"

Eugène looked at him with an air of sarcastic pity.

"You ask me for your horoscope? Have you a large fortune?"

"About a hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"Well, in six months you will be penniless; in a year you will be overwhelmed with debts; in less than a year and a half you will have become a forger."

"Eugène!"

"Ah, you wanted the truth! Now, come for a stroll!"

This time he was determined, and Paul saw he would not get another word from him unless he changed his tactics. He held him back, therefore, and said,—

"Eugène, you must pardon me a very innocent deception, which was suggested by your own words. It is not I who am in love with Zita Denman."

"Well done, Paul!" cried Noriac, astonished and somewhat annoyed; "tell me that you ingenious people cannot deceive anybody!"

However, he quietly went back to the fire and sat down. After a moment's silence he began again,—

"Then it is one of your friends who is bewitched? And the matter is—serious?"

"He talks of marrying that woman."

Eugène shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and said,—

"Console yourself. Zita will never consent."

"On the contrary, she suggested it herself."

This time Eugène looked startled.

"Then your friend must be very rich,—noble? And is he a very old man?"

"He is sixty-five."

Noriac struck the marble slab of the mantelpiece with his fist, and muttered with an accent of mingled hatred and admiration,—

"Ah, she told me she would succeed!"

Paul, too busy with his own thoughts to notice his friend's excitement, continued quietly,—

"Now you understand what I want. To prevent this marriage my friend's family would do anything. But how can you attack a woman of whom nothing is known?"

Noriac remained for some time absorbed in thought, and at last he said, as if coming to a decision, "No, I do not see any way to prevent this marriage; none at all."

"Not if she were offered a large sum, say a hundred thousand francs?" suggested the other.

Noriac laughed a forced laugh. "You might offer her two hundred thousand, and she would laugh at you. Do you think she would be fool enough to content herself with a fraction of a fortune if she can have the whole, with a great name and a high position into the bargain?"

Paul opened his lips to offer another suggestion; but Eugène, laying aside his usual half-mocking manner, said, as if roused by personal interest, "You do not understand, *mon cher*. Miss Denman is not one of those vulgar hawks who seize upon a poor pigeon and pluck it alive!" He stopped suddenly, and, looking keenly at Paul, added almost threateningly, "By telling you what little I know about her, Paul, I give you the highest proof of confidence which one man can show to another. I do not ask you to promise silence, but to betray me will be to dishonour yourself."

Paul, deeply moved, seized his friend's hand, and said, "You know you can rely on me."

Eugène knew it, for he continued,—

"Miss Zita Denman is one of those cosmopolitan adventurers, who, like many others, has come to Paris to spread her nets. But she is made of finer stuff than most, and soars higher. She means to have a fortune, but she also intends to secure a good position. I should not be surprised to be told that Miss Zita was born within ten miles of Paris; but she calls herself an American. She speaks perfect English, and I have heard her tell the story of her family; but I can't say I believed it. According to her own account, Mr. Denman, her father, was an enterprising Yankee, who was a banker in New York when the war broke out. He entered the army, and in less than six months rose to be a general. When peace came he was without occupation, but his good star led him into a region where large tracts of land happened to be for sale. He bought them for a song, and soon after discovered on his purchase the most productive oil-wells in all America. He was just about to be another Rothschild when a fearful accident suddenly ended his life: he was burnt in a fire that destroyed one of his establishments. As to her mother, Miss Denman says she lost her when quite young."

"What," broke in Paul, "has nobody taken the trouble to ascertain if these statements are true?"

"I am sure I don't know. I have fallen in with Americans who have known a banker and a General Denman."

"He may have appropriated the name," suggested Paul.

"Quite so. However that may be, Miss Denman has lived in Paris several years. She is accompanied by two relatives, a Mrs. Thorpe, a bony, dry sort of woman, as sly as a fox; and a Mr. Peter Peabody, whom people call Sir Peabody, who can snuff a candle at thirty paces. They always reside with Zita."

"When she first arrived, Miss Denman took a splendidly furnished hotel in the Champs Elysées. Sir Peabody, who is a trifle horsey, procured her a pair of black horses, which made a sensation in the Bois and drew attention to their fair owner. Goodness knows how she managed to get letters of introduction, but she was received by several of the leading members of the American colony. Gradually she crept into Society, and now visits everywhere, even amongst the most exclusive. In fact, if she has enemies, she has also partisans. If some call her a wretch, others say she is a poor little orphan-girl, whom people slander because they envy her youth, beauty, and wealth."

"Ah, is she rich?" asked Paul.

"She spends at least sixty thousand francs a year."

"And no one inquires where it comes from?"

"From her sainted father's petroleum-wells, my dear fellow. Petroleum explains everything."

Noriac seemed to feel a savage pleasure in aggravating Paul's despair. Did he wish to prevent a struggle with Miss Denman by exaggerating her strength? Or, was he trying to irritate him against this formidable adversary? At all events, he continued in that icy tone which gives to sarcasm its greatest bitterness,—

"Besides, my dear Paul, if you are ever introduced at Miss Denman's—and it is not easy to get an introduction there—you will be astonished by the tone that pervades the house. Cant and hypocrisy rule supreme."

Paul began to be utterly bewildered.

"But how can you reconcile that with Miss Denman's thoroughly worldly life?"

"Oh, very easily, *mon cher*! There is the sublime policy of the three rogues. To the outer world Miss Denman is all levity; drives herself, wears the shortest of skirts and the lowest of bodices; but at home she bows to the wishes of her relatives—prudes Mrs. Thorpe and the austere Sir Peabody. They understand each other perfectly."

Paul was completely discouraged.

"But is there no way of getting hold of this woman?" he asked.

"That story you told some time ago?"

Noriac shook his head.

"You think it might become a weapon in your hands? No, Paul. Still it is not a very long one, and I can now give you more details than I could before."

"About fifteen months ago, a young man came to Paris called George de Périer, having something like three hundred thousand francs of his own. He fell desperately in love with Miss Denman. What his relations were with her no one could tell positively, but one morning about eight months later his body was found hanging from the iron fastenings of the lady's window. In his pocket was found a letter stating that he committed suicide because his love was not returned; but this letter—mark the fact—was open, the seal had been broken. An inquest was held, the family took it up, and it was found that Périer's three hundred thousand francs had utterly disappeared."

"And Miss Denman's reputation was not ruined?" inquired his companion.

Eugène replied with an ironical smile, "On the contrary. If she had been weak, her partisans said, Périer would not have hanged himself. As to the money, it was lost at the gambling-table!"

"And the world was content with this explanation?"

"Yes; why not? According to some Miss Zita had been Périer's mistress, and had dismissed him when he was completely ruined. They said that he had come to the house in the evening at the usual hour, and, finding it closed against him, had begged, and even wept, and finally threatened to kill himself. That the poor

fool then really killed himself, and that Miss Denman, concealed behind the blinds, had watched the fearful act!"

"Horrible!" muttered Paul,—"too horrible!"

Eugène seized him by the arm, and said hoarsely,—

"That is not the worst. As soon as she saw Périer was really dead, she slipped downstairs, opened the door noiselessly, and gliding stealthily along, searched the still quivering corpse to assure herself that there was nothing in the pockets that could actually compromise her. Finding the letter, she took it away, broke the seal, read it, and seeing that her name was not mentioned in it, had the amazing audacity to return to the body and replace the letter. Then only she breathed freely. She had got rid of a man she feared. She went to bed, and slept soundly."

Paul had become livid. "That woman is a monster!" he exclaimed.

Eugène's eyes shone with hatred. He no longer thought of caution.

"But I have not done yet, Paul," he said, after a pause.

"There is another crime on record, of older date—the first appearance of Miss Denman in Parisian Society. You ought to know that too. Listen. One evening, about four years ago, the manager of the Mutual Discount Society came into the cashier's room to tell him that on the following day the Board of Directors would examine his books. The cashier, an unfortunate man of the name of Masson, replied that everything was ready; but the moment the manager had turned his back, he took a sheet of paper, and wrote something like this:—

"Forgive me. I have been an honest man for forty years; now a fatal passion has turned my brain. I have taken money from the bank which was entrusted to my care, and I have forged to conceal my defalcations. The whole amount is about four hundred thousand francs. I cannot bear the disgrace I have incurred: in an hour I shall have ceased to live."

"Masson put this letter in a prominent place in his desk and then rushed out, without a franc in his pocket, to throw himself into the river. But when he saw the foul, black water, he was frightened. For hours he walked up and down, but he never found courage."

"But what was he to do? He could not flee, having no money; and where could he hide? In his despair he ran as far as the Champs Elysées, and late in the night he knocked at the door of Miss Denman's house."

"They did not know yet what had happened, and he was admitted. He told all, begging only for a couple of hundred out of the four hundred thousand francs he had stolen to squander on Miss Denman,—a hundred only, to enable him to escape to Belgium."

"They refused, and when he fell on his knees before Miss Zita, Sir Peabody seized him by the shoulders and turned him out of the house."

Eugène, overcome by his intense excitement, fell into a chair, and remained there for some time, his eyes fixed, his brow gloomy, repenting, no doubt, of his frankness and his wrath.

But when he rose, his rare strength of will enabled him to assume his usual phlegmatic manner; and he continued in a mocking tone,—

"I see in your face, Paul, that you think this story monstrous. Nevertheless, four years ago it was believed all over Paris. If you care to look at the papers of that year you will find it recorded. But four years are four centuries in Paris."

Paul said nothing, he only bowed his head sadly.

"It is not so much the story itself," he said at last. "What I cannot comprehend is, how this woman could refuse the man whose accomplice she had been the pittance he required in order to escape justice. In his furious rage he might have left the house, confessed everything, laying the proofs in his hands before a magistrate, and—"

"You say," interrupted Eugène, with a sardonic laugh, "precisely what all the advocates of the fair American said at the time. But I tell you that her peculiarity is exactly the daring with which she ventures upon the most dangerous steps. She was quite sure that neither of them would accuse her, even at the moment of death. And yet, in the case of the Mutual Discount Society, her calculations did not prove absolutely correct."

"How so?"

"It became known that she had received Masson two or three times secretly, and public opinion was veering round, when she was summoned to appear before a magistrate. That, however, was fortunate for her; she came out from the trial whiter and purer than Alpine snow."

Paul started up and exclaimed, "What! Masson had the sublime self-abnegation to undergo the agonies of a trial without allowing a word to escape?"

"No. For the simple reason that Masson was sentenced *in contumaciam* to ten years' penal servitude. They say he killed himself. Two months later a half-decomposed body was found in the forest of Saint Germain, which people declared to be Masson. However—"

He had become livid in his turn; but he continued in an almost inaudible voice, as if to meet Paul's objections before they were expressed,—

"However, somebody who used to be intimate with Masson has assured me that he met him one day at an auction mart. The man said he recognised him, although he seemed to be most artistically disguised. This is what has set me thinking that a day may come when Miss Zita will have a terrible bill to settle with an implacable creditor."

He passed his hand across his brow as if to drive away such uncomfortable thoughts, and then said with a forced laugh,—

"Now, my dear fellow, I have come to the end of my budget. The details were all given me by Miss Denman's friends as well as by her enemies. And, if you ask me what interest I could have in knowing such a woman, I will tell you frankly that you see before you one of her victims. But I was too poor to be worth a serious thought—she laughed in my face."

No doubt of Eugène arose in Paul's mind. On the contrary, he thanked heaven for having sent him a friend, who had lived long enough amid the intrigues of Parisian life to know all its secret springs, and to guide him safely. He took Eugène's hand and said with deep feeling, "Now, *mon ami*, we are bound together for life."

Noriac seemed deeply touched, but he was not a man to give way to emotion.

"But about your friend?" he said. "How can we prevent his marrying Miss Denman? It will be difficult!"

He meditated a few moments; then uttering his words slowly to impress them forcibly on Paul's mind, he resumed,—

"We must attack Miss Denman herself if we want to master the situation. If we only knew who she really is, all would be well."

The clock chimed half-past ten. Noriac jumped up hastily.

"But now I think of it, Paul, you don't know Miss Denman, you have never even seen her!"

"No! Who will point her out to me? Where? When?"

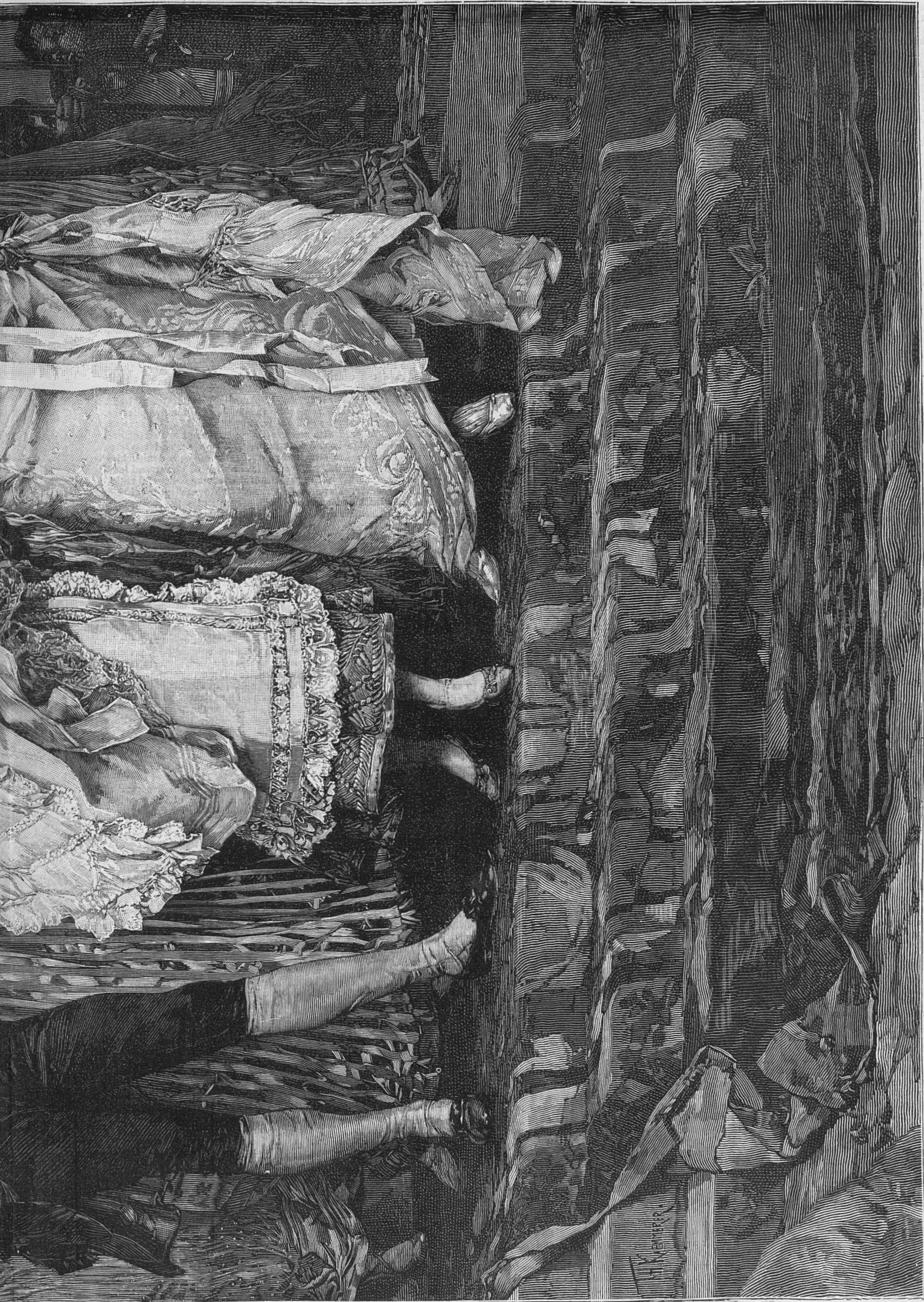
"I will, to-night, at the opera. She will be there!"

Without losing more time, they went out and arrived at the theatre as the curtain rose on the third act of *Don Giovanni*. They secured two fauteuils. Noriac surveyed the house through his opera glasses, and soon found the object of his search. He touched Paul, and handing him the glasses, whispered,—

"The third box from the stage; look, she is there!"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 238, Jan. 4, 1879.)





THE CHRISTENING PARTY.

(From the Celebrated Painting by Kocmerer.)

THE BENARES BOBBERY HOUNDS.

In the year 18—I found myself at Benares, an up-country station in India; hot as egg-flip in the summer, but in the cold season, which commenced about the end of October or beginning of November, a very congenial climate. It was by no means a dull quarter; for besides a fair sprinkling of civil servants, there were a battery of artillery, head-quarters of a cavalry regiment, half a battalion of my own corps, and a regiment of native infantry. A jollier lot of fellows could hardly be got together anywhere, and right merrily we passed the time with shooting, pig-sticking, cricket, and amateur theatricals; for we numbered among us some talent that would not have disgraced the boards of a London theatre. Our low comedian especially was “a fellow of infinite jest,” poor C—, of the commissariat (for in those days they had not got as far as calling themselves “Deputy Assistant Commissary Generals of Control”), I remember if ever there was a “wait” of unusual length, generally caused by the inability of “Rahmah-Gee” (our scene-shifter) to realise the fact that the interior of a baronial hall was not the same thing as a brigand’s cave, poor C— was invariably sent on with some property hastily snatched up to sing a comic song; and one night he fairly brought down the house when singing “The Cure” by a sudden disappearance through the trap, which gave way without warning. Though out of sight he could hardly be called out of mind, as language was heard to issue from below that would hardly have passed Mr. Pigott’s censure. I call him *poor C—*, for some months after I left India I heard that he had been thrown from his horse and killed.

However, notwithstanding all these amusements we yearned for something new, and at last a brilliant idea was hit upon by myself and another man, F—, of the Hussars, which was to start a “bobbery pack.” Now our bobbery pack was as is customary somewhat after the fashion of an indignation meeting—rather a mixed affair. The dogs were all shapes and sizes, of every kind and breed, from the legitimate fox-hound to the native pariah with ears strongly resembling those of a donkey, as the following description will show. However, we spared no pains, and set about organising the pack with a will. Our first purchase was two couple of draft hounds from the P.V.H., out of which lot one died of horse heel the first day of his arrival—that is to say, he incautiously made too close an inspection of a “Tattoo’s” hind feet, and got his brains kicked out for his imprudence. The remaining couple and a half, nevertheless, were sufficient for our purpose, and they were named respectively Carpenter, Bachelor, and Melody—though between ourselves, I firmly believe that they would have answered equally well to Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Next came a very queer-looking animal, whose breed would have puzzled most of our canine judges. He was a bit of everything—a bull-dog’s head, donkey’s ears, greyhound’s back, and a tail,—well it was a cross between a poker and a corkscrew, as the fancy took him. He rejoiced in the name of Traveller, and ill-natured jealousy was wont to say that he travelled home a deal oftener than after a jackal, for that was our “varmint.” Besides these, we had an assortment of bull-dogs, lurchers, one greyhound, a great brown setter, and, last of all, the mainstay of the pack—my own little brace of fox-terriers, Jim and Vic.; but as these names were voted not sporting enough, in the field they were known as Gaylad and Columbine. All through the hot weather F— and I were to be seen at 4.30 a.m. or 6 p.m., exercising our heterogeneous pack in couples, with the native whip on foot, whose duty it was to see that the partners did not eat each other when one insisted on going one side of an obstacle and the other preferred the other side, both being brought up short by the couples, and, of course, imagining each other to blame. We had sundry adventures, however, such as the whole pack going off full cry, coupled up as they were, after an unfortunate cat, and dashing into a native hut, causing the deuce and all to pay among the chatties; or, as once happened to me, when taking them past the parade of the native infantry, they suddenly “went for” a Sepoy’s dog, and charging bang into the middle of the parade, upset Sepoys and Subadars indiscriminately, the couples acting like chain-shot and catching them about the centre of the shins. It was a funny sight that reminded me strongly of ninepins; nevertheless if the C.C. had cut up rough it might have proved awkward for the future of the pack; but he was a “good sort” and said nothing about it. With a deal of hard swearing and whiplash, we managed to get them into tolerable order, and having duly advertised the meet at 5 a.m., second milestone on the — road, we went to bed early and dreamed of the sport we were going to show.

It fell to my lot to carry the horn on our opening day, and punctual to the minute I arrived with the pack. Everything correct, hunting-cap, green coat, brass buttons, and the native Whip resplendent in an old pink. There was a goodly company assembled to criticise the first performance, and as I had made arrangements with a crafty old Hindoo to have a bagman ready in a certain sugar khate, I anticipated no mishap. After a suitable interval, I trotted off with the pack all round me quite orthodox; but, as bad luck would have it, a wandering native soor (pig) crossed the road. This was too much for the B.B.H., and notwithstanding all my efforts, accompanied by a most heartrending and soul-stirring *capriccio* on the horn, off they went amid the shouts of laughter of the whole field, the native whip who tried to head them getting an awful cropper right over the pig, which “jinked” or turned short under his pony’s nose. In the middle of it all, my crafty Hindoo appeared with a very tell-tale looking bag, shouting at the top of his voice that the jackal had gone, and that he was “burahunda” (very cold). Certainly he had the effect of stopping the hounds, for “Carpenter,” winding the bag, gave tongue, and in a minute the whole pack were off after my sable patriot, who legged it for bare life to the nearest tree he could find, up which he literally flew, leaving his garment (for he had but one) at the foot to the tender mercies of “Carpenter,” while he himself, having attained a respectable height, sat gibbering for all the world like an ape at the dogs who were baying round the tree. Like a hero he still held on to the bag, not recognising it as the cause of his mishap, but venting his feelings on his ancestors, to whom he kept on imputing fearful crimes, and informing all it might concern, that he was suffering for their sins, that there was hardly a respectable member of his family save himself, and that he should require a large sum of money for the loss of his clothing! and damage done to his nerves. When I had recovered my breath and stopped laughing, I managed by a series of view halloas and the assistance of J.P., the sporting Assistant Surgeon, to get the pack turned, and having found out from the sable one’s son where his father had loosed the varmint, I luckily hit off the scent. Away we went over a mud wall, which disposed of three sportsmen, right for the river, where to my joy I viewed, as did the non-hunting dogs of the pack (they were distinguished as “smell dogs” and “non-smell dogs,” i.e., those who hunted by scent and those who only ran by sight), the jackal stealing along quite happy. Determined to do or die, I pulled my horse together, cheered on the hounds, and executing another solo on the horn, went as hard as I could for the place where I last saw him. By this time the sun was getting up, and all scent was gone. So without stopping, I galloped on in the direction of the station, keeping the pack going with an occasional “chink” of music. After about two miles I saw a convenient patch of sugar-cane, into which I pre-

tended to have run the brute; and after a long cast I pulled out my watch, looked at the sun, and asked whether the field would like to “draw for another or go home”? Of course every one voted for home, and long afterwards they used to say what a capital run they had had on the opening day of the B.B. Hounds. The *secret* of the run I took good care to keep to myself.

Needless to say, on future occasions we were always careful to have two or more bag-men, and cautiously avoided piggy places. By this means we showed fair sport. When I left the station the hounds were taken over, and for aught I know are still to the fore. But, *Eheu! fugaces*, this is some time ago, and I fear me that poor “Traveller’s” ears are waving in other happy hunting-grounds, and doubtless the “sable patriot” has ere this joined the ranks of those ancestors he reviled so bitterly when he found himself up a tree. If so, let us hope he tendered them a humble apology, and explained that being hunted by the B.B.H. was sufficient excuse for any disrespect of which he might have been guilty.

VETERINARIAN.

FROSTING HORSES.

DURING the winter—and especially during such a winter as we are having—the subject of frosting horses is brought before horse-owners, coachmen, farriers, and indeed all connected with horses in all its ugly features. Frosting is a source of disappointment, aggravation, and loss to all concerned. To the horse-owner there is direct loss of time in waiting for his four-footed servant which is waiting his turn at the smithy; to the coachman there is direct annoyance in having to wait also, and be the butt of his master’s anger; the farrier gets into trouble, as we shall show; and his men have to work through the night, live on snacks of food picked up anyhow, and get their share—and more very often than their share—of the blame for lost turns, pricks and festerings, broken hoofs, and so on.

In order to understand these troubles thoroughly we must take the reader, first of all, “under the spreading chestnut tree,” and tell him something of the working and constitution of the smithy. An ordinary shoeing-forge has one fire and one fireman, whose duty—hence the name—is to make shoes at the fire and anvil, and make them fit the hoof. Then there is a “door-man” or “floor-man,” whose duty it is to remove the shoes from the feet of the horses which come in, and to take off the rags and overgrowth of horn from the base of the foot, and so make a suitable surface for the new shoe to sit upon. He it is who nails on the new shoe and finishes the foot. Sometimes there is a second “floor-man” or an apprentice, whose duty is much the same as the former, and who keeps the floor swept clean and fetches or takes home horses when requested.

When a frost sets in, and there is “frosting” or sharpening to do, the fireman, who is usually foreman when the forge-owner is not his own manager, must turn out between midnight and three a.m. to call up his floor-men, and the three fetch to the forge such horses as they think are indispensable to the owners, such as doctors’ horses and those belonging to post and job masters, and any others belonging to good employers who cannot wait through the day. Perhaps by four a.m. they have got ten horses in the forge, which is as many or more than the forge will hold and allow room for the workmen. From this time forwards, especially for the next three or four hours, wild confusion, oaths, trappings, and even fisticuffs enliven the scene. The ordinary carter, after hastily giving his horse a feed, leads him to the forge, slipping and staggering, and finds the place full, and is obliged to take his horse to some adjoining stable and clothe him with rugs or sacks whilst he himself adjourns to the forge to smoke and wait. Next, another and yet another wagoner arrives with other horses, who have to put their horses up alongside of the first. Then come the grooms of the jobmasters, unwashed, unkempt, and—finding they are late—in anything but amiable mood. They also have either to tie up their batches of horses along with those of the wagoners or take them back again and lose all chance of “turn.” At 7 a.m. comes the fussy coachman of My Lord, who must be attended to at once, and whose “osses” could “not on account” be allowed to rub their patrician togas against the plebeian hides, rugs, and sacks of the horses that are already waiting their turn. Till now the fireman or master has kept steadily at his sharpening and has left his rough customers to shift for themselves. But he crouches before the all-important coachman, whose patronage is not to be winked at, receives with his own hand the well-rugged, clean and sprightly pair, and deposits them tenderly in a reserved and snug corner of the forge; but he dare go no further. They must wait their turn, and the most he can do is to make a good calculation as to the time at which the coachman must put in his appearance later on to claim his turn, in doing so, allowing a quarter of an hour, which oftener than not is three or four hours wide of the mark. The morning wears away, and ten o’clock sees the fireman taking his breakfast hurriedly after getting off the horses which came before six a.m. By this time every nook and cranny of the forge is stuffed full of horses, also any available stable or cover hard by—horses quite strangers to each other, hungry and impatient, each ready to “see offence where none was meant.” In the forge the idle men—wagoners and coachmen—have “fetchins” of beer from the nearest “public,” and it is needless to add that this combination of events completes the Bedlam.

Everybody connected with horse-frosting suffers, as we have said. The farrier puts into his pocket a few extra pounds, but this is no eventual gain, but a loss; for hardly a frosting time comes that some clients or other do not betake themselves elsewhere, either from their horses being unduly—as they suppose—kept at the forge, by their coachman or trusted representative losing his turn by being absent or by taking his horses late; or through the unusual pressure of events. Then, again, the farrier is blamed for the horses’ feet being torn to pieces from the taking off and putting on of the shoes, it may be several times if the frost lasts; or his men, in their hurry, drive a nail into the quick and bring on a festered foot, and not seldom a “quitter.” The coachman also is often cashiered at these times; for, even though he be a sober man, the repeated “fetchins” of beer in the forge have loosened his tongue and made him reply in an unbecoming manner to his master’s angry inquiry, “What has kept you so long, John?” The horses’ feet are often tender and broken for weeks after a frosting time; nothing being left to nail to, shoes are cast on journeys, and lameness, bother, and endless expense ensues.

Is there a remedy for all this evil? We confess that had we been asked this question three months ago we should have replied, no. We should have said, all you can do is to keep a bright look-out for frosts and instruct your men to be first at the forge; to be there at latest by three a.m., and wait there without leaving the forge till the horses are ready to be led home. We have had over twenty years’ experience of screw frost plugs, and believe them to be quite worthless, for if the plugs are not made with stout screws they snap off at the neck, and if they are made stout at the neck a corresponding screwed hole in the shoe so weakens it at the part that it fractures at this hole, more especially if it be in the toe of the shoe. We will say nothing about the great expense of having every set of shoes that is put on through the entire winter so prepared as to be in readiness; neither will we dwell on the worth-

lessness of worn screw holes in shoes that are nearly worn out when the frost sets in.

Mr. Fleming’s invention has not turned frosts into blessings where horses are concerned, but at least they are no longer curses. By the very simplest contrivance he has succeeded in putting it into the power of the most stupid waggoner or coachman to “frost” his own horses in five minutes, and to unfrost them—if we may be allowed to coin the term—in two minutes. The studs used by Mr. Fleming are each a double cone, or in other words each is a double wedge with squared faces. A coachman can have his horses’ shoes punched with holes at the time of shoeing, and he can carry a dozen of these plugs in his vest pocket and drive them into the shoes at a moment’s notice. If one looses out no harm is done, for he can quickly put another in its place. The shoes are not weakened by being punched for the studs; and lastly there is no screw hole to spoil. Mr. Fleming has made one mistake, but with that we have nothing to do. The studs are almost sure to come into universal use, and he might have received a “pocketable” recognition. Strange as it may appear, the ordinary horse-shoe of the day has been in use almost in its present form for over three hundred years with no one’s name connected with it; but we venture to say that Mr. Fleming’s name, through these studs alone, will be familiar to owners of horses for many a long year to come.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, & Co., 84, New Bond-street.—Sonata for Piano and Violoncello, composed by M. W. Balfe, expressly for Signor Piatti, price 8s. Without entering into technical analysis of this important work, we may praise it, as a favourable specimen of Balfe’s versatile genius. It is an elaborate composition, in which almost all the resources of a skilful violoncellist are called into play, and the pianoforte part is far from being child’s play. The sonata is, in short, a work for professional artists, to whom it may be warmly recommended.—“Barcarolle for the Pianoforte,” price 4s., by A. Rowland. This is an agreeable solo in G 6-8 time, relieved from monotony by episodes in E minor and E major.—“To my Fellow-traveller; Five Pictures on a Journey,” is the title of a pianoforte work (Op. 3) by F. Davenport. No clue is given to the subjects of the five pictures, but many of them are sufficiently suggestive. Mr. Davenport is evidently endowed with creative fancy, combined with technical knowledge. He is deficient in sustained power, and too often makes excursions in search of an originality which is denied him. Still, there are in this work many indications of power and individuality, and these five “pictures” encourage hopeful anticipations of Mr. Davenport’s future. They are quite distinct from the milk-and-water stuff which constitutes the bulk of our modern pianoforte works, and they merit the approval of earnest musicians.

WOOD & Co., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—“Perles Classiques.” No. 3 (price 4s.) of this valuable series of masterpieces contains Clementi’s sonata in D, Op. 21, No. 1.—No. 4, price 3s., is Chopin’s “Marche Funèbre,” from Op. 35. Both of these celebrated works have been edited and fingered by C. Tiesset, who always executes tasks of this kind with equal conscientiousness and ability. These “Perles Classiques”—twelve in number when completed—will form a delightful repertory of classic music for the pianoforte.

W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford-street, W.—“Kindergarten Exercise March” for the pianoforte (drum and triangle *ad lib.*), price 3s. A march of the simplest kind, acceptable to beginners on the pianoforte.—“Queen Marie’s Butterfly Dance,” price 3s., pianoforte solo by G. F. Kendall. Fanciful, quaint, and characteristic, this successful attempt to imitate ancient forms of melody deserves praise.—“Marcia Pomposa,” for the pianoforte, price 4s. This march is not very original, but will probably prove useful to teachers.

REID BROTHERS, 183, Oxford-street, W.—“The Star Angel,” price 3s.; poetry by Rita, music by Otto Booth. There is genuine poetic power in the lines before us, albeit there is the faulty rhyme of “dome” with “throne.” The story of the child who asks the angels of the stars for help, and who becomes an angel herself, is told with much pathos and force of imagination. It is a pity that there should be even a single blemish in such lines. Mr. Booth has fitted them with unpretentious but expressive and sympathetic music, and the song will be prized by vocalists of refined taste.

NEUMEYER & Co., 114, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.—Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, price 6s., by Otto Booth. A charming work, which will be welcomed both by amateurs and professional musicians. The composer is eminent among violinists, and has made good use of his technical knowledge in this solo, which develops the resources of the violin in masterly style. The pianoforte part is also cleverly written, and the counterpoint is that of a master; while the melodies are fresh and spontaneous. The following compositions are by Carl Zoeller. “For thou hast left thine own,” song, words by Rita. The words are far better than the music. “Smoke Drift,” words by Rita, who seems to be ignorant that “home” and “alone” do not rhyme. The melody commences in D major, and concludes in B minor.—“Spring is Come,” words by E. Simpson, who offers “noon” as a rhyme to “Heaven”! The composer makes “aisles” a dissyllable (&c., &c.). “At Daybreak” and “At Eventide,” words by Rita, are two four-part songs, correctly harmonised.—“Agnus Dei,” price 4s., duet for soprano and contralto. This is a well-written and effective duet.—“The Hosts of Heaven,” price 2s. nett, anthem for two tenors, two basses, and tenor solo. The solo is effective, and the part music is ably written.—“Little Songs for Little Children,” price 4s. This is a prettily-illustrated collection of simple melodies, united to unaffectedly simple words.—“Minnelied,” “Alice,” and “Melody,” are short pianoforte solos, ably written.—“Mauda,” price 4s., is a short pianoforte fantasia, in which scarcely one original idea can be found.

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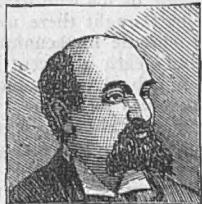
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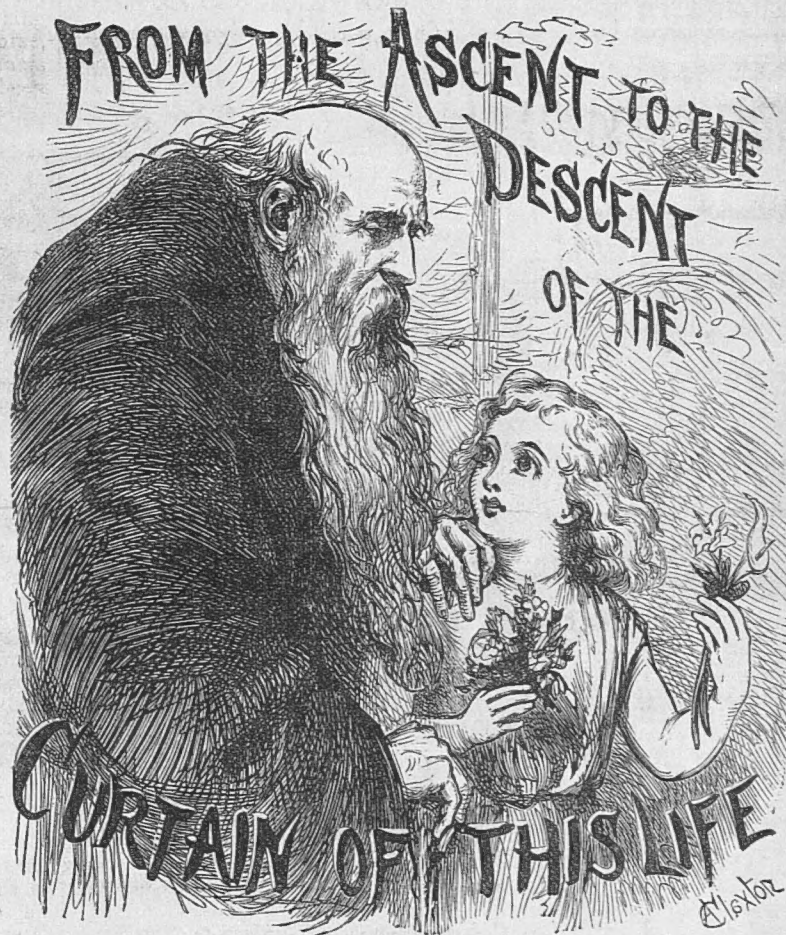
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DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

THE ENGLISH STAGE AND ITS FUTURE.

At the London Institution, Finsbury-circus, last Thursday evening, Professor Henry Morley, of University College, who was for many years dramatic critic of the *Examiner*, and is well known in the theatrical world, delivered an important lecture on "The English Stage and its Future," to a crowded audience.

Professor Morley said that this lecture was not for the purpose of asking his hearers in a tone of despair to look upon that picture and upon this, nor of upholding any particular nostrum for the exaltation, purification, or reform of the drama; but for the purpose of spreading a sense of the dignity of the drama and of calling into action individual influence to make the stage what it might be. From that point of view he looked hopefully at the drama, and what it could accomplish in the future. In regard to the plays that were now being acted in London, the majority of them were translations from the French, and that this ought not to be was very obvious. (Hear, hear.) If our playwrights were to cease to be men of original wit, and become sanitary inspectors and deodorisers, they might as well exercise their powers upon the plays of Dryden, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, or Wycherley, as upon the dramas of Paris. (Applause.) The common fault ascribed to French plays was the continual dwelling upon animal life, which he considered was a fault. In regard to the censorship of the drama, it began with the works of Fielding. In the interest of the drama, he thought that the right of interference on the part of the Lord Chamberlain should

be abolished. (Cheers.) Literature flourished best when free, and the laws which controlled other forms of literature were sufficient for dramatic compositions. The best censor of the stage should be the public—(applause)—and the aim of those who desired to advance the drama should be to endeavour to form public opinion, and represent it worthily through the Press. He contended a licenser of plays was of no use for the aid of the drama, and believed that the abolition of the office would contribute to the advance of the stage. (Hear, hear.) He noticed the tendency to a more natural representation of life in the dramatists following Fielding; and as the time of the French Revolution approached, a growing sense of the corruption of society, and a rise of sentiment which would make the heart the sole guide and authority. As the present century opened, this sentiment, from being vigorous and soul-stirring, became sickly and weak; and this excess, of course, led to reaction. Referring to the pantomime, the learned Professor said that it was invented by John Rich in 1730. From that time there had not been much change in the tricks which were repeated year after year, there being the same method of introduction. The introductory burlesque had grown in extent, and the children had been more or less forgotten, the catering being to the gentlemen of the stalls, who came to admire the ballet, which formed a very large part of the opening of the pantomime. In regard to the farce, there was a tendency to look upon it as a little outside the pale of criticism, and to make the spring of action something animal and low—base in its origin

and essence. This should be looked to by managers. Speaking of *Pink Dominoes*, he said that the play would leave a taint at the Criterion Theatre for, he hoped, years to come. (Cheers.) He granted that the majority of the pieces from the French were clever and fairly honest in their motive; but as regarded *Diplomacy* he could not speak with the same high praise. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre there was some good comedy acting, and it was one of the few theatres to which they might confidently look for the elevation of the drama. When such plays as those of Robertson were there produced they then had true and genuine English comedy plays. (Cheers.) There were in this country writers who could really produce good comedy, and the public need not be put off with poor foreign matter on the ground that it was here well played. Let the Prince of Wales's, then, be a "Home of English comedy," disdaining the aid of the French stage. He spoke next of a misconception by some of our best actors of polite manners in our days. They assumed a slouching, careless manner, an avoidance of all appearance of interest in what was going on in the world, a desire not to seem to wear one's heart on one's sleeve, with little indication that there was a heart to wear anywhere; and they represented this as the manners of polite society. There was too much sitting down, lolling about settees, smoking cigarettes, and calling one another "old man." (Laughter.) Then there was the loading of the stage with fashionable crockery, which was to be deprecated. This sort of thing was not wanted by the educated section of society, the highest ranks of which were strongly marked



A FAMILY PARTY.

by some of the most intellectual, cultivated, earnest, and industrious of men, whose patronage managers and actors should specially aim to secure. (Cheers.) The half-thinkers and quarter-thinkers who slouched through the world would soon follow. It was too commonly believed that a certain idle section of the public, not knowing what to do, must be entertained after its own fashion. Too often the management was directed to him, and not to the intelligent Englishman, whatever his rank might be. If managers would only understand that the intelligent class was a large body, they would direct their efforts, the lecturer thought, in providing an entertainment for those who could appreciate the best and the highest work. (Hear, hear.) In regard to the extraordinary run of *Our Boys*, he thought that the success was partly due to the pleasant fun pervading it, but the principal reason of its being continued in the bills was because it was wholesome in tone and in the conception of the plot, which turned upon the love between parent and child, it appealing to their common sense and to the fellowship of humanity. Referring to the Lyceum Theatre, under its present management, he hoped that an honest endeavour would there be made to raise the stage as high as any individual manager could raise it. (Applause.) In Mr. Irving they had an actor who, no doubt, desired to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Phelps. He begins properly with *Hamlet*, and in Miss Ellen Terry as Ophelia he was ably and well supported. He (Professor Morley) trusted that Mr. Irving would draw around him a number of trained actors,

who would be possessed with the common desire to raise the drama, and who would not object to take small parts when they could advance the success of the play. But it was not by producing Shakespeare alone the drama was to be regenerated. There was a stupid belief that they had only got Shakespeare, but they could give Shakespeare to the world and beat other countries in the drama. (Cheers.) They had an amount of dramatic power in English writers that would give them dramas if the stage would call for them, many living dramatists being able men, whose works should from time to time be produced. (Applause.)

A GOOD ALL-ROUND ACTOR.

CHARLEY MERRION, though not one of the most mirth-provoking actors I have ever met with on the stage, was one of the funniest low-comedy men off the stage that I ever remember to have come across. He was, in fact, what you might call a fire-side comedian, where, with some choice spirits (Scotch hot for choice), he would keep the whole place in a roar for hours together. *Telling stories* was his forte, though many that he told were deserving of a stronger name, for the fabrications that he invented for the purpose of raising money were simply marvellous. Within a day or two of joining a company some very near relative was sure to die, so that he was compelled to ask for something in advance; and there is one theatrical manager who declares that during a six months' engagement with him he buried every rela-

tive it was possible for a man to possess. This peculiarity, however, would have been passed over, but when Charley came twice during that period for a loan in consequence of his wife having just had twins, the manager not unnaturally thought there must be something wrong somewhere. Yes; chronic impecuniosity was his complaint, and for a man who could earn a decent income he suffered from the disorder about as badly as any one I have ever met. The last time I saw him was in an hotel in Melbourne, at the back of the Haymarket Theatre, where some eight or nine of us were gossiping and "shouting." Shouting, be it understood, is what in England would be called "standing treat," and it is customary out there for one person to shout round. There had been several shouts, when Charley came up to me and whispered, "Look here, old fellow, I wish you'd lend me a bob, I don't like to go without shouting, and I haven't quite sufficient." "With pleasure," I said, passing him the coin so that nobody saw, and we then joined the general conversation. Shortly after, Charley Merrion made some particularly witty remark, at which everybody was convulsed, and immediately after he left. As soon as he had gone some one said, "What a rattling good fellow Merrion is." "Yes," said another; "what a pity it is he is always so hard up." "It is," said somebody else; "he borrowed a shilling of me just now so as to enable him to shout." "So he did of me," said another. "And so he did of me," laughed someone else. The fact is, he had borrowed a shilling from each one of us—but never shouted.